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In This Number: A Novelty Tale Of Small Town Politics.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Randall

NOT TO BE REFILLED WITHOUT PHYSICIAN'S ORDERS. P. T. R.

Here is a remarkable prescription for the Blues, that tired feeling, ennui, brain fag, and inability to give vent to a good laugh. It can be filled next week, and—most surprising thing of all—costs only five cents for the filling.

Jake Easterly's Line o' Talk

"I'LL tell ye agin," said Jake Easterly, eldest son and second in command on his father's farm—"I'll tell ye agin," he repeated, setting his pail of milk on the kitchen table in the Easterly abode, "black and white won't mix, but paw persists in hitchin' up the gray mare with the black hoss, when he oughter know that the black 'un is a faster goer than the gray 'un. Of course, ef he wants ter drive 'em a-tandem—well, all right; that's the way they are, half the time. Ennyhow, it looks that way when he goes to taown. Makes me sick!"

"Guess yer breakfast don't agree with yer, Jake," remarked Addie, his sister, as she carried the pail of fresh milk into the pantry.

"Breakfast sets all right ennuf, but it's that ornary brindle cow that upsets me 'bout ev'ry other mornin'. I'd jes' started milkin' of her 'bout twenty minutes ago when she flicked that old tail o' hern right plumb inter my eyes, but I tole paw onct more that the gray mare was slower'n the black hoss, an' I've told him why, too, a dozen times—which is because the black is faster'n the gray. Paw never seems able to git that thru his stubborn ol' head. Paw's as mulish as ol' Jed Whittaker, an' Jed can't eat his supper 'till he's kicked hisself 'round the barn three or four times, an' all ther way back. An' I'm tellin' yer, sis, a gray hoss an' a black hoss were never meant ter be hitched up t'gether, no more'n a white woman an' a nigger were intended to travel in double harness.

"Well, I don't care a rap! 'Lection's over an' we're goin' to have a league o' nations o' some sort or other; Bill Simmons sez so. Bill Simmons, ye know, sis, is the dad o' them pretty red-headed Simmons gals what live over on the Cold creek road. Feller down at the creamery ast Bill yistiddy mornin' what his five big corn-fed gals kept busy at, mostly, to help out. 'Huh,' says Bill, 'Sparkin' most o' the time.' An' that reminds me—what was it I was a-goin' ter say? Oh, yes. Paw sez he's goin' to drive the gray mare and black hoss over to Cragin terday, an' if he does I'll bet the Cragin folks 'll bust theirselves a-laughin'.

"Listen. I saw sunthin' like paw's foolish old team in a comic movie play that week I was in taown 'tendin' court, an', gee whiz an' haw buck, it sure made me laugh more'n a few. That's what the movie feller intended, but the love play was sadder, sis, awfully sadder. Yer know, there was a young gal what had no father nor mother, an'—— Now, jes' look out that winder, will yer? There goes paw with the gray mare an' the black hoss—hitched up same as per usual—the black hoss' head an' neck ahead o' the gray, the mare a-holdin' back with all her might, an' the black a-strainin' the tugs ter beat ottermobiles. Makes me sick, and that's jes' what I tell paw. I hate a hoss that pulls on the bit, an' jerks an' strains, jerks an' strains——"

"Oh, you git busy an' strain that milk, Jake Easterly. Yer a dozen times stubborner than paw, an' as for kickin', you've got old brindle beat a mile."

"Oh, you think so, do yer, smarty," retorted Jake. "Well, you jes' remember this, Sis Easterly, w'ich I've often said before an' am goin' to say agin: The gray mare can't keep up with the black hoss fer the reason that the black is the fastest. I want yer to git that inter yer empty little head. Ef ye do you'll have somethin' in it, ennyway."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Y-e-s, that's so!"

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Answered.

"What's the difference between an old man and a worm?"

"No difference. Chickens get them both."

No Place for a Fat Man.

The elevator boy was only 10 years old and small for his age. Into the building wheezed a regular fat man, one of the kind that nobody loves. He eyed the lad for a moment and then observed:

"You're a pretty small boy to be runnin' an elevator, ain't you, bub?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, and there was a twinkle in his eye. "But, you see, they hired me 'cause the ropes broke with the heavier boys."

The fat man painfully wheezed his way up the winding stairway.

Biblical Note.

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how did you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well, indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Indeed?" said the ex-curate. "I only found it in Exodus."

Tactless.

"So Miss Jones is angry with her doctor. Why is that?"

"He tactlessly remarked that he would soon have her looking her old self again."

Again the Cottage Pudding.

"This," smiled the fond young wife, as she handed a plate of pudding to her husband, "is cottage pudding. I made it myself."

The man tasted it doubtfully.

"I'd have known it was cottage pudding," he returned.

"Would you?" she asked, delighted.

"Yes; I can taste the plaster and the wallpaper."

Too Much Pudding.

Little Hazel, who was the guest of her grandparents, had eaten a hearty dinner when a second dish of pudding was offered her.

Looking longingly at the dish, she sighed, "Oh, dear! I do wish I was twins!"

Elucidated.

"A woman's life is divided into two great periods."

"Elucidate."

"The first she spends looking for a husband, and the second looking after him."

Welcomed.

The man in the next flat was pounding on the wall. "Look here," he cried, "I can't sleep with your kid yelling like that! If you don't make him stop, I will!"

"Come in, sir—come in!" said the kid's father. "You'll be as welcome as the flowers in spring."

And Out!

Wilkins—Why is Brooks winding up his affairs?

Bilkins—Oh, just because the doctor tells him he is all run down.

$13.94 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 4109 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today. —Advertisement.

Brain Teasers.

Changed Headings.

388—Change the first letter and make of learning, a center; a small opening part of a dress; tender; in front of; part of a rifle; rent; carried on the body; a sand bank in the Thames.

Animals.

389—My first is in fawn but not in deer; my second is in lion but not in cub; my third is in calf but not in cow; my fourth is in dog but not in pup. My whole is what animals may have been originally.

Transpositions.

390—(Example: Transpose an ancient slave in Sparta and make a lodging house. Answer: Helot, hotel.)

1. Transpose to babble and make a little candle.
2. Transpose washes and make a serf.
3. Transpose sacred images and make compact.
4. Transpose a common autumn fruit and make a lance.
5. Transpose furious and make to interlace.
6. Transpose thin, and make removes the outer skin.
7. Transpose regulates as to duration and make to strike.
8. Transpose a range of mountains and make a portable chair.
9. Transpose a certain small fruit and make a certain large fruit.
10. Transpose languishes and make a thorn.
11. Transpose informal letters and make sounds.
12. Transpose a plural of this and make a piece of paper.
13. Transpose an article of furniture and make a lamb's cry.
14. Transpose to screen and make the neither world ruled over by Pluto.
15. Transpose to prevent and make driven up a tree.
16. Transpose a Scotch cake and make the fruit of the pine.

When the foregoing transformations have been rightly made, the middle letters of the sixteen new words, in the order in which they are given, will form a four-letter word square.

Charade.

391—My first is a European of violent and cruel temper; my second admits you to puzzle answers, to difficult situations, to fortresses, to writing desks and offices. My whole may come your way on Christmas day.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

384—Charade.

Button (but-ton).

385—Changed Headings.

Lore, core; dear, fear; mate, fate; light, tight.

386—Certain Pens.

1. Pendent. 2. Pension. 3. Penitent. 4. Pentateuch. 5. Penquin. 6. Pennsylvania.

387—Four-word Square.

R I S E
I L E X
S E M I
E X I T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Her Parent a Doctor.

"But father," said the pretty heiress, "if you refuse, Jack will die of a broken heart."

"You are a poor diagnostician, my child, returned her parent. "The trouble he is more likely to die of is starvation."

You Know Him.

"What kind of a fellow is Smith?" asked Brown.

"He's the kind of a fellow who spends half his time making promises and the other half making excuses for breaking his promises," replied Jones.

Tempered by Experience.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, mother, George says that I am his right hand.

Her Mother—Don't be too elated, my dear, he may be one of these men who never let his right hand know what his left hand does.

Magnanimous.

"Dearest, you don't want to marry me for my money do you?"

"No, darling, but I don't hold it against you."

There's Plenty of Time.

"How times flies! It seems but yesterday I went to school."

"Oh, lor', Maria, for Heaven's sake make it the day before yesterday."

A Jug of Wine

By Robert Greene Lee

IT WAS 2 a. m.

Millionaire Crowley Croe, aged 80, walked feebly, pistol in hand, across his room to where one flickering candle burned before the big mirror. At last, after thinking over the matter for days, he had decided to kill himself. Plagued with gout, tormented with nervous ailments, twisted and bent with stubborn rheumatic afflictions, his wrinkled face partly eaten up with ghastly cancers, the old fellow considered himself a burden to himself, to his nephew and his nephew's wife, with whom he lived, and even to Jake Gosnell, the inky-black negro boy, who was his servant. Moreover, he was anxious and ready to die. Since, as he reasoned, he had gotten enough pleasure out of life to satisfy any dozen ordinary men, he would put himself out of the way and leave his money for others. And since, as he stoutly insisted, there was not and never could be a God, a hell or a Heaven, he had no hereafter to face or to fear. Therefore, he would put a bullet thru his head and bring to a sudden end this miserable, tormenting, nauseating old age of gout, rheumatism, cancers and hemorrhagic coughs. But he would not make a mess of this job. He would not kill himself in his own room and and leave his brains for others to clean up and his blood a ghastly spectacle for others to see. He would go down into his wine cellar and there, in the little closet nook under the crude stairway leading from the cellar to the kitchen above, he would, with his own hand, take his own life.

He stood a moment before his mirror and looked at the calendar hanging on the wall above it. It was Friday, October the 13th—his birthday. He smiled faintly at the thought of it. Then, picking up a brush from the dresser, he smoothed carefully the thin, white hair above the blue veins of his temples and went his way out into the silent hall, thru the spacious kitchen, and down the rickety stairs to the wine cellar. Down there it was cool and dark and still. Frightened vermin scuttled across the sawdust over the earthen floor. The pale moonbeams, struggling in thru the dense cobwebs woven across the one tiny, high-up window, shone faintly upon the jugs of wine arranged in orderly rows on the slab shelves at the back.

The old man, now slightly unstrung, entered the musty closet-nook close up under the stairs. As he did so he was startled to hear feet tiptoeing cautiously down the creaking stairway and subdued voices whispering softly. He crouched back into the black corner and, with ears alert, waited. In a moment two people, a man and a woman, both robed for the bed, stole barefooted and spectre-like across the cellar floor to the rows of jugs in the back. The ghostly moonlight falling dimly from the web-shrouded window above revealed to the would-be suicide, crouching stiffly in the dark nook under the stairs, the frightened, upturned faces of his nephew and his nephew's wife.

"Which one?" questioned the man in whispers, looking frightenedly over his shoulder.

Passing her nervous hands and twitching fingers from jug to jug, the woman took down the fourth jug from the left end on the third slab shelf from the bottom. A small half-gallon jug it was, encased in closely woven wicker willow.

"This jug, John," she whispered, shivering as with cold. "I heard uncle say he was going to open this one on his birthday!"

"Uncork it—quick!" the man commanded with a hoarse whisper. With tremulous fingers the woman twisted the cork from the jug. They were on their knees now in the sawdust, bending eagerly, as a miser over his gold, above the tiny jug.

"Oh, John! Isn't there some other way out of it?" the woman asked distressedly, her whole body quivering.

"It's the only thing, you coward!" snarled the man fiendishly. "If I knew the old cuss'd die soon, I wouldn't want to kill him. But he's apt to live a hundred! Being his only living kin, we'll get all when he shuffles off! But we can't wait! I've used eight thousand of the company's money and—darn the luck!—lost every cent! We've got to"—here the man's voice trailed off into a malignant whisper and his wild eyes glared fiercely into the frightened eyes of the woman—"get the old man out of the way and get what's comin' to us at once! And if we don't we're ruined! So I'm going to kill him—and then the crooked things, without open disgrace attached to 'em, will come straight!"

The startled millionaire whose alert ears had caught every whisper from the lips of the two intruders, grinned malignantly in his corner. He saw his nephew push his wife roughly aside. He watched her trembling hands slip from the jug and clutch frantically at the mass of flimsy lace at the throat of her nightgown.

Quickly but coolly the man poured a vial of deadly poison into the jug and pressed the cork in firmly.

Then together the big hairy hands of the man and the thin white hands of the woman lifted the deadly jug and placed it where once again, and innocently enough, it was the fourth jug from the left end of the third row from the bottom. Then, gliding hurriedly and with bare feet up the stairs, they slipped noiselessly thru the house to the seclusion of their bedroom.

WHEN they had gone the gaunt old man under the stairs buried his cancerous face between his stiffened knees and laughed softly until hot tears ran copiously thru the wrinkle ditches in his haggard cheeks. Then, as suddenly as it began, his laughter ceased and anger began to rage like boiling lava in all his veins. The blood rushed to his face with double force; his hands trembled; his whole twisted-up body quivered. He rose stiffly to his feet and stole timidly, like a frightened child, up the stairs, thru the spacious kitchen, across the silent hall, back to his room where the sputtering candle burned before the big mirror. He had not expected to see that candle again. But now—he thrust the pistol into the dresser drawer, brushed again the thin white hair above the blue-veined temples and laughed softly to himself once more as he stood looking at himself in the mirror. Then, like some wild thing of the forest newly caged, he walked the floor until morning. When morning came and he heard his nephew and sister astir, he sent word to the dining-room by Jake, the negro servant, that he wanted nothing to eat and would not come to breakfast. Jake coming back said:

"Mr. John and Miss Nell say dat dey sorrerful you ain't feel disposed to come to breakfus', sah."

Laughing at this, the old fellow summoned by telephone for consultation at 10 o'clock a. m. five of the leading lawyers in town. Then, sitting chin on fist, staring blankly into the fire which Jake had made, he waited patiently, mumbling his toothless bums ruminantly all the while, until Jake flung wide the door and ushered into his presence the five courteous attorneys at-law.

"Have seats, gentlemen, all of ye," was the gaunt old man's abrupt greeting.

Having shaken his bony hand warmly, the five lawyers took seats smiling furtively at each other because of the millionaire's queer way of doing things.

"I want you for only a short while, gentlemen," began Croe, speaking sternly, "but the business is important, very important. Today I'm 80, and as I am liable to get sicker any day, diseased as I am already, or"—laughing and glancing at the lawyers over the rim of his spectacles—"to kill myself, I want no fussing when I'm gone over the things I leave behind. I wish you to draw up at my dictation and witness with your signatures my will in which I shall make such disposal of all my worldly goods as will prevent any wrangling after I'm dead. I want you —and I shall pay you for it—to keep all knowledge of the will and its stipulations strictly secret until the third day after my death. On that day, after seeing that a copy of the will is safely filed with the probate judge, mail a duplicate of the will to my nephew and his wife."

Soon the will, according to the old millionaire's dictation, was drawn up and witnessed by the careful signatures of those present. Then, the attorneys, each having received a check for $250, arose to go and, with courteous bows, left the room.

When they had gone, the aged millionaire dressed himself for sleeping, crawled feebly into bed, and, ringing for Jake, gave orders that his niece should come to his room. She came hurriedly to his room and asked what she could do for him.

With a gesture the gaunt old man dismissed Jake from the room.

"Niece Nell," he said, his eyes searching her very soul, "I am much tired after the consultation this morning with my lawyers concerning my will. And I feel as tho a drink of wine would help me greatly. Will you please to go, dear, to the cellar and bring me the half-gallon jug, the one encased in willow, the fourth one from the left end on the third row from the bottom?"

A half-scared look came into the woman' s eyes.

"Yes, dear uncle, I'll go. I'm so sorry you're tired and feeling badly today. But why did you fix up your will, uncle?" she added, with careless composure.

"Oh, niece Nell," kindly, "just so that when I am dead and gone you and John may know that I remembered you with all my heart as to my possessions. Run along, now, run along."

Her misgivings satisfied by his words, she skipped away to the cellar and returned presently with the jug of wine.

"This the one, Uncle Crowley?" she asked, holding it at arm's length above her head for him to see.

"Yes, thank you, my dear niece, that's the one—the only one of its kind in the cellar. Now, fill a glass for me, will you?"

The woman, with tremulous hands and frightened eyes, which the gaunt old man on the bed pretended not to notice, poured out a glass of the deadly wine and handed it to him.

Lifting himself on his elboy, her uncle gulped it down eagerly.

"Another glass, uncle?" she asked cheerily and complacently.

"Yes, another. How kind you are, dear girl!" he mumbled, with undetected scorn in his voice and the slight suggestion of a sarcastic smile about his lips as he wiped off his mouth with the corner of the quilt.

She poured out another glass and brought it, brimming full, to his bedside.

Throwing his head back with a jerk, the old man threw the wine down his pipestem throat and, swallowing it at a single gulp, thanked her profusely.

"Now, niece Nell," he said, falling back wearily among the pillows, "will you kindly go out and leave me to myself awhile. Perhaps, if I'm not disturbed, I may sleep some—a thing I haven't done much of in a long time. Put the jug in the closet there before you go. Call me at 3 this afternoon. So long."

Closely eying the old fellow who lay with closed eyes and twitching jaws among the pillows, the woman put the fatal jug in the closet and, after promising to call him at 3, left the room, closing the door behind her.

THAT afternoon at 3 she stole with pounding heart to the door of her uncle's room. She stood a moment at the door and listened. Not a sound came from within. With shaking hands she turned the knob and entered. The ghastly sight that greeted her eyes brought a wild scream to her lips. With gnarly hands full of white hair which, in teh throes of death, he had pulled from above his blue-veined temples, his parched tongue protruding from his wide-open mouth, the corners of which were foul with a yellowish-green foam, his bleared eyes staring blankly at the white ceiling above him, his waggly upper lip curled up from his toothless gums, his wrinkled old arms and legs twisted and distorted about his thin, bent body, the old millionaire lay half-naked, stiff and cold and coverless by his bed.

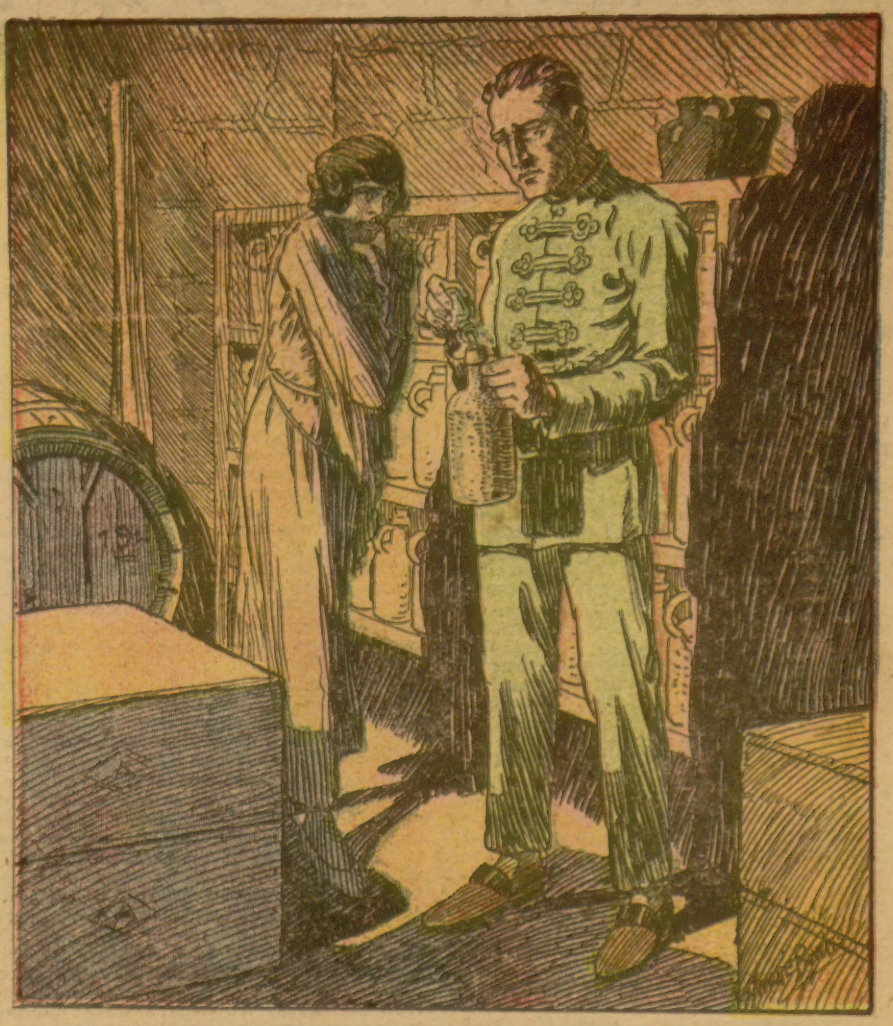
The morning newspapers carried in big headlines and in conspicuous places the following account of the millionaire's death:

MILLIONAIRE CROWLEY CROE SUICIDES.

Yesterday afternoon Millionaire Crowley Croe was found dead in bed as the result of a dose of piosonous acid which he drank in wine. Severe ill-health is said to be the cause of his rash and unexpected action. From all reports he seemed to have died in terrible agony. For years the eccentric old man has lived with his nephew and his wife, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. John Croe of 84 South Fifth street. After inquest, however, the coroner's jury connects them in no way with the tragic death of their uncle, since, as he laughingly stated to his lawyers who drew up his will yesterday, he had been contemplating suicide. His lawyers thought he was joking and took no steps to prevent the rash deed. As is generally understood, all the possessions of Millionaire Croe, who was for years a dominant figure in world finance, goes to his only blood relative, the Hon. John Croe.

But when, three days after the elaborate funeral, Nephew John Croe received by registered mail from his uncle's lawyers a duplicate of the will, the original of which was filed in the probate judge's office, he read these words:

On the 13th day of October, 1918, having summoned five lawyers, who witnessed and heard my dictation of this will and whose signatures are hereunto attached, I Crowley Croe, do will and bequeath to Jake Gosnell, my negro servant, aged, on this date, 18 years, 4 months and 9 days, all my earthly possessions save one half-gallon jug of wine which was once the fourth jug from the left end on the third row from the bottom in my wine cellar, but which may now be found in the closet adjoining my room. This do I bequeath jointly to my nephew, John Croe, and his wife, Nell Adson Croe, my niece by marriage."



Coolly the Man Poured a Vial of Deadly Poison Into the Jug.

Wagging Their Tails.

BLANK had had a day off and when he returned to the office the following morning his pals wanted to know why he looked so disgruntled.

"Everything went wrong," Blank grumbled.

"How was that?" one asked.

"Ever go fishing with a girl?"

"Once."

"Did she protest against hurting the fish?"

"No. She said she was sure they were perfectly happy, because they were all wagging their tails."

The Titian of Tzintzuntzan

By Robert Ordway Foote

What Has Gone Before

CAPT. ARTHUR VAN LAW, formerly of the U. S. Army, while seeking employment accepts a dangerous mission which took him into Lower California, the accomplishment of which promises not only to satisfy his love of adventure, but also to bring him a handsome reward for his services.

CHARLES VANDHER HOLLIDAY, a wealthy art connoisseur, was eager to gain possession of a famous old painting known in art circles as "The Titian of Tzintzuntzan," which had been stolen from a a church in Mexico. Holliday was quickly convinced that Captain Van Law was just the man for the dangerous mission.

SENORITA GUADALUPE MOREAU ("Lupe), proved to be a mysterious beauty with Titian (red) hair, who by her strange conduct gave the captain the impression that she could not be fully trusted and might foil his efforts to get possession of the picture. Town gossipers hinted to the Captain that "Lupe," while posing as a "friend," was more likely to be the mistress of

FRANCISCO CORDAVA, ex-bandit, whose source of income was not at all clear to the many who knew and feared him.

SENORITA CARMELITA CORDOVA, modest, innocent and pretty, known as the ex-bandit's daughter, or "the dark-haired one," in contrast to the other beauty in her father's household, didn't escape the Captain's observing eye on the first opportunity he had of seeing her.

GOVERNOR DEL VALLE, chief executive of Lower California, and a typical Mexican dandy, impressed Captain Van Law as being just the sort of a character who would enter into almost any kind of an evil conspiracy without much coaxing, provided there was a tempting amount of "easy money" in it for him.

A stranger who entered Captain Van Law's room at his hotel proved to be a

MEXICAN PRIEST, whose apparent errand was to have the Captain buy the Titian painting for the church from which it had been stolen. The priest admitted his acquaintance with Cordova, and soon made it plain to the Captain that he was ready to pay a large sum for the painting should it come into his possession. Later, seeing Senorita Guadalupe Moreau pass on her horse, Van Law secured another mount and followed her to a remote spot on the beach, where she was soon joined by Del Valle, who after a brief conversation attempted to embrace her. For his unwarranted impudence the girl soundly slapped the Governor's face. Van Law rode back to town, favorably impressed with "Lupe's" prompt and vigorous resentment of the insult.

The Captain, while visiting the abode of Cordova, with the hope of again meeting "Lupe," enjoyed a chat with the charming Carmelita, which was interrupted by Cordova when he came home drunk.

This story began in No. 48, the Ledger for Nov. 27. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI.

A PUNCH WHERE IT WAS NEEDED.

A NOTE was conveyed to Captain Van Law as he partook of his belated luncheon in a chile cafe that he had found less dirty than most of its fellows. It would, perhaps, be more definite to say that Captain Van Law found himself the recipient of a note during that gastronomic function. He discovered the missive beside his plate as he sat down his claret glass. The waiter had not been hovering about him recently; he had noticed no one passing; had heard the steps of no one. But here was a carefully enveloped and sealed epistle at his hand, correctly directed to "Senor Captain Van Law."

In vain did Senor Captain look about in search of the bearer of this letter. The note might have been slipped there by a spirit hand for all the trace of delivery means that he could discover. Certainly his waiter was blameless, for the man had just disappeared at the back of the dingy room in regions concerning which the wise diner would consider it well to think but little.

Balked in settling the mystery of delivery, Van Law could at least settle the question of contents, as he reflected after considerable puzzling. He tore open the envelope. A large sheet of paper was unfolded to display but a few words upon its surface:

"Be on the beach half a mile beyond the wharves at 3 o'clock, without fail."

There was no signature. But the words were in French and the only person who had displayed any knowledge of the language in this town, so far as his experience had gone, was Senorita Guadalupe Moreau. She had used it when first addressing him, at that time he had concluded it was to prevent the Mexicans from understanding her. What more likely than that she was adopting the same protection now? The use of the language was equivalent to a signature. The handwriting, it was true, was more masculine than feminine. It would, on the other hand, be easy enough for a person knowing of the girl's having used French to the American Captain to have adopted this clever ruse of coaxing him to a secluded spot for sinister purposes.

Van Law had something beside the execrable food to occupy his thoughts; indeed, he might well have thanked this diversion for taking his mind from what was being set before him. His trance, for such it practicably became, continued until it was interrupted by the coming of a companion to his table.

There was no particular excuse for the stranger stopping there; other tables were vacant. But there was, likewise, nothing particularly marked in his action; the other tables were farther back and darker. Like many of his ilk above the border the fellow immediately set out to make himself agreeable.

El senor was an American, was he not? So many Americans were coming here now, Americans of the better class, such as el senor so obviously belonged to. They were very welcome. Lower Californians were not like the vulgar upstarts of Mexicans. They were glad to have the Americanos come. Americans had such energy, such initiative; they were good for the business of the country. Might he ask what was el senor's business?

Determined to put an end to the fellow's distasteful chatter, Captain Van Law gruffly informed him that he might ask until he was black in the face, but he would not find out.

Instead of the murderous looks and insulted silence which the Captain hoped would greet his brusqueness, the Mexican but laughed loud and long. These Americans were so droll, so fierce in manner, when one knew that beneath their rough exterior they had the softest of hearts. They liked to bluster, did they not? Another hearty laugh. He had merely asked in the hope that out of his great knowledge of the country and its ways he might give el senor some advice or information that would be of value.

"There are many things to guard against here," he wound up his harangue. "From Governors and their sudden wraths, on down."

In spite of his dislike for the person, Van Law pricked up his ears. Perhaps the man had as definite a mission here as that mysterious letter. Was he trying to convey a warning? For the first time the American looked at his table companion with something less than ferocity.

"Are Governors here given to sudden wraths?" he asked.

"Governors? Ah, yes. Shall we say, rather, Governor?"

"A quick wrath that soon passes?" the now thoroly curious Van Law inquired.

"Alas, no. It does not pass. Often men in high authority must regret stands they have arbitrarily taken, but they feel their dignity requires they carry out their threats."

American abruptness, sneeringly known from the Rio Grande south as shirt-sleeve diplomacy, received an exemplification at the hands of Captain Van Law.

"Did Del Valle send you here to convey all this to me in subtle language?" he demanded sharply.

"Del Valle. "Who has mentioned Del Valle?" the man hotly exclaimed. But his eyes took on a worried cast and he glanced nervously about lest his words or the outburst of this crazy American be observed. "The customs of this country are much different than yours, senor. For instance, in this matter of hide-trading."

He branched forth upon a long story of hide-curing, a subject heretofore unmentioned and of no possible interest to Van Law. The Mexican's anxiety to get away from the matter up to which he had before led so carefully, the wrath of Governors, was almost ludicrous.

Gradually, however, as his agitation subsided, the fellow came back nearer home, to discuss more intimately Ensenada and its eccentricities. Van Law, convinced that the creature had been sent to convey an ambiguous warning to him to obey the Governor and get out of town that night, dallied over his luncheon to see how the subject would again be introduced. He had a little time to kill before it was necessary to start for the rendezvous of the mysterious note and he could not better employ it than by fathoming the purposes of this oily-haired and oily-tongued person.

Like the natives of many another land, this man sought to curry favor with a foreigner by adverse comment upon his own fellow-countrymen. Their customs

The Filthy-minded, Greasy Creature Was Knocked Over on His Back, Sprawling in a Confused Heap With His Chair.

were not what they should be, he conceded. There was too little respect for property. Possessed of the might, any one could steal without losing caste. Indeed, stealing was almost respected when successful. Banditry was at a premium. Why, a retired bandit could secure the most beautiful little red-headed "friend" in the country and live in happiness ever after.

Van Law did not stop to waste words this time on the fellow. His rage at thus hearing the reputation of Senorita Moreau bandied about a dirty cafe knew not even the bounds of caution.

One vigorous, well-placed, American punch, straight to the jaw, was sufficient. The filthy-minded, greasy creature was knocked over on his back, sprawling in a confused heap with his chair. The Captain, ostentatiously wiping off the hand that had hit, walked in high dudgeon from the place, throwing on its counter a bill for many times the price of his luncheon and not pausing for change.

THERE was a vigor in the Captain's walk that carried him up the beach to the place appointed in the note with a speed of which he himself was unconscious. He felt a certain satisfaction with himself. Probably he had been breeding more trouble about his already endangered head, but he had at least been able to transmute into action the resentment concerning this talk of Cordova's "friend" that had been burning in him ever since he had first heard her so referred to. But tho his arrival was ahead of schedule time, he found awaiting him there confirmation of his surmises as to the origin of the summons.

Senorita Moreau sat upon the sand, behind a little dune, busy with small sketch pad and pencil, manipulating lines which meant little to the American. She looked up guiltily, like a child surprised in some secret pastime, and hastily thrust the pad into ample pocket of the highly ultra sport coat she wore. At the same time she scrambled to her feet. Van Law made a motion to assist her but she impatiently waved him back.

"You know why I sent for you?" she asked. Her tone was icy, her glance scornful.

"I could imagine a dozen reasons," he answered as coldly. So this was the girl for whom he had a few minutes ago placed himself in jeopardy with the Ensenada police magistrate, if such a functionary existed. His indignation at her attitude grew with his unconsciousness of anything to merit it.

"It is probably none of them. Listen. I must treat you decently when you come to the Cordova House, as I suppose you will come. I must even flirt with you, I suppose." Her tone was bitter.

"It will be quite unnecessary," he interjected. "Save your energies for those more susceptible to them. What makes you conclude I will come to the Cordova House?"

He had taken her a little off her guard with his direct challenge, if her momentary hesitation was a criterion. She started to reply sharply, changed her tactics and became more civil.

"I presume I seem a very contradictory creature to you, asking you to come way up the beach here to be abused," she conceded. "But one thing in the world could urge me to do it, I assure you. No possible insult or danger to myself would cause such a move. I saw you this morning, in the patio with Carmelita."

It was Van Law's turn to be nonplussed But he managed to say, angrily:

"You saw nothing out of place, I trust."

Could it be that this glorious Titian beauty was jealous? For one instant the idea thrilled the Captain, then to be dismissed with cautions from his brain to his consciousness not to be entirely an idiot. Senorita Guadalupe, sought of all men he met here, was hardly a person likely to become jealous over him.

"Not on your part, perhaps," she admitted. "But I did see too much of an awakened light in Carmelita's eyes, too great a sparkle of interest in her first real flirtation. I see I have been wrong in approaching you like this, forgive me, please. I forgot you are not like the men—one must call them that for want of a better term—that I am forced to meet here."

She paused and regarded him steadily from her golden brown eyes, as if questioning herself as to the best course to pursue. Van Law returned the glance steadily, silently. He was more than merely annoyed by her unexpressed inclination to attribute base motives to him in connection with the innocent affair of the morning in the Cordova patio.

"Please do not repeat your visit," she broke out suddenly. "I cannot allow

(Continued on Page 20.)

The Proverbs Of Porky McRough

BY CHART PITT

THE bustling little city of Democracy was suffering from a case of ingrown politics, and the single-eyed corruption of one-man rule.

Porky McRough had been boss of the town so long that he had come to include the mayor's swivel-chair among his own taxable personal property.

As a political fabrication, Porky was the one and only original plot. People who had grown used to seeing some oily individual pulling the hidden wires that made a corrupt police force dance, just couldn't believe their own eyes when they came to Democracy.

Porky McRough lived up to his name—and then some. He made no pretense of virtue, and never had asked a man to vote for him; for the good and sufficient reason that he never had run for office.

Mayors had come and gone, yet Porky had sat tight at the head of the police, and held Democracy in the hollow of his hand.

But at last he grew tired of his monotonous existence and elected for himself a mayor after his own soul; a paunchy individual by the name of Otto Swank, who had run a free-and-easy beer garden in the days before the State went dry.

Otto was satisfactory—in fact, so satisfactory that Porky had dispensed with the trouble of holding any more elections, but had continued to keep his paunchy henchman in the City Hall.

Things went on in this way for three years, in which Democracy became the laughing-stock of the surrounding villages. The farmers of the county snickered in their sleeves at the hapless townspeople.

Here and there a weak voice was raised in protest, but Porky promptly smothered it beneath an avalanche of catchy phrases—slogans that contained more cheap melodramatics and alliteration than horse sense.

Porky blossomed out as a peddler of proverbs. His uncouth tongue dripped with wisdom such as Solomon never knew. No matter what piece of high-handed brigandage he indulged in, there always was a proverb ready coined to justify his actions.

It was a new role for the hard-fisted bully of the police, but somehow he got away with it; until in pure desperation the Law and Order League was formed and promptly took steps to cut the city of Democracy off at the pockets. Even the charter was in danger.

Then Porky decided to humor the conventions, and go thru the form of re-electing Otto Swank and the minor henchman.

McRough's new hobby at once manifested itself, and the town blossomed out the next morning in a smother of gaudy placards, each dripping with that alliterate wisdom that Solomon never wrote.

The Fire Hall bore the red-lettered admonition: "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream."

Across the street, the City Building flaunted its warning to the world: "Vote for Swank—and make Democracy safe and sane."

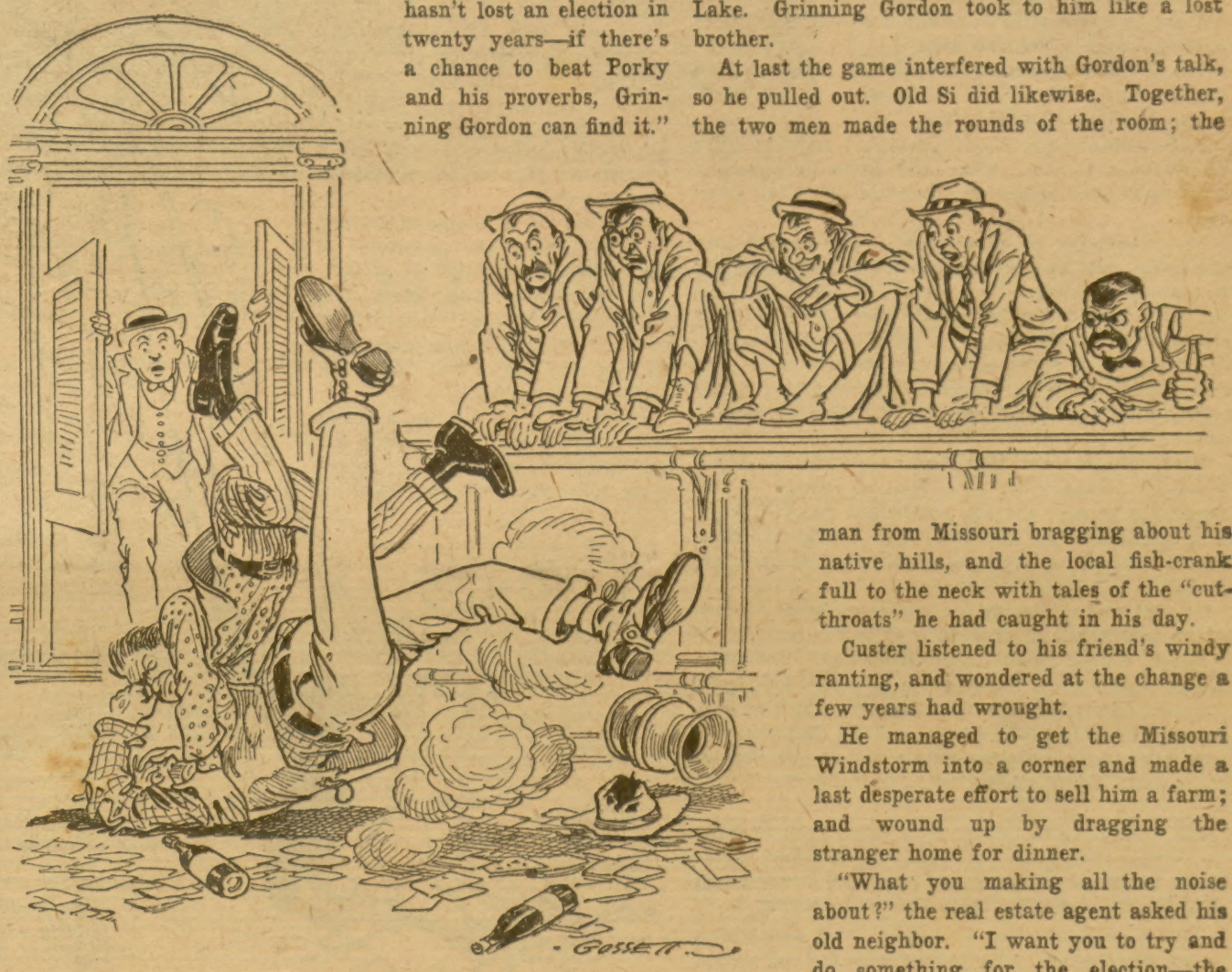
The First Methodist Church had lent its walls to this lump of post-Solomon proverb: "Too proud to parley—says the lion to the mouse."

Even the loiterers in the staid old Kansas poolroom had been shanghaied into the army of sandwichmen, and staggered under a wad of wisdom from land of the slapstick and the custard pie: "Vote for Swank—and stand behind the police."

That night the Law and Order League met behind locked doors. They knew their cause was worthy and just—but it was the old, old story of the man who is "out" and the man who is "in"—right upon the scaffold and wrong upon the throne. Every sacred document of liberty from the Declaration of Independence to the City Charter seemed to have the print of Porky's dirty fingers upon it.

At last Frank Custer, leading real estate agent of Democracy, rose with a suggestion:

"There's a fellow back home in Missouri who hasn't lost an election in twenty years—if there's a chance to beat Porky and his proverbs, Grinning Gordon can find it."



He Found the Poolroom Loungers Treed Upon the Soft-drink Bar.

A WEEK later a red-headed stranger stepped off the morning train. He was hunting for farm land—and passed the cigars out with both hands and peddled the "bull" like a drummer-boy of Wholesale Alley.

Porky himself directed the talkative little man to Frank Custer's office. A few minutes later the two men drove away in the real estate agent's car—looking for farm land.

As soon as they were out of earshot of the town, Custer began pouring his tale of woe into the ear of Grinning Gordon from Old Missouri—who hadn't lost an election in twenty years.

"Porky has got Democracy sewed up in his shirt-tail—there isn't a chance in an honest fight like we used to have back home," the real estate agent waxed more forcible than eloquent.

"I couldn't think of doing anything underhanded," Grinning Gordon sighed. "Not with them winds blowing cool and sweet from the hills—and the cutthroat trout a-leaping up in Glacier Lake—like your real estate circular says."

The man from Missouri put up at the best hotel in Democracy. Frank Custer came down town the next morning and hunted him up, with his selling talk all brushed up.

But Grinning Gordon bared his prominent tusks in an expansive smile—and poked his red head into the Kansas poolroom, where he started right in at making a good fellow of himself by handing out cigars to everybody he saw.

Later he joined a card game in the rear of the room. As he played he talked of the farm he was going to buy, and the wonderful crops he was going to raise—almost as good as they did in Missouri.

His vocal chords were well greased. In fact the only thing in town that could keep within sight of him in the line of gab was Si Ricket's old-fashioned phonograph, which had a reverse-attachment and played the same record over and over at the one winding.

Old Si ran a sporting-goods joint, and was the worst fish-crank in Democracy; nor was he modest in telling of the things he caught up in Glacier Lake. Grinning Gordon took to him like a lost brother.

At last the game interfered with Gordon's talk, so he pulled out. Old Si did likewise. Together, the two men made the rounds of the room; the man from Missouri bragging about his native hills, and the local fish-crank full to the neck with tales of the "cutthroats" he had caught in his day.

Custer listened to his friend's windy ranting, and wondered at the change a few years had wrought.

He managed to get the Missouri Windstorm into a corner and made a last desperate effort to sell him a farm; and wound up by dragging the stranger home for dinner.

"What you making all the noise about?" the real estate agent asked his old neighbor. "I want you to try and do something for the election—the L. & O. boys are depending on you."

"Who, me?" Grinning Gordon's face cracked in what was supposed to be a smile, showing a tangle of teeth that were badly in need of a dentist. "Why, I'm on my vacation—having the time of my innocent, young life. It's been months since I could find anybody to listen to me."

"You can't win an election in Democracy with that line of dope," Custer insisted. "That sign on the Methodist Church says, 'Too proud to parley'—but it don't mean that Porky is too proud to fight."

"That's so," the Missourian agreed. "I'd clean forgot all about your friend McRough. You stick around close, and try to sell me a farm now and then—and if I see anything that looks crooked I'll tip you off."

"Crooked!" the real estate agent snorted. "Why, Porky is so crooked it would make a snake dizzy to follow his trail—he's so crooked he has to buy a rubber trunk to keep his clothes in—he's so——"

"You haven't forgotten a word of that little piece you used to speak back home at election time," and Gordon shook his thatch of carroty hair in mock amazement. "Don't go to getting

all het up about it—you'll spoil my vacation."

The Missouri Wind-storm spent the rest of the day at the Kansas poolroom. His line of talk was the same as before—the wonderful things they did down in his native Ozarks. The gang at the Kansas began to grow tired of him and kept out of reach. It made him move some to find an audience—but he didn't seem to notice it in the least.

In the cool of the evening Otto Swank came in for his usual game of pinnochle. Grinning Gordon was aimlessly shuffling the deck of cards at the time; and as he made no effort to give up his chair, eventually found himself in a game with the mayor of Democracy.

He talked an endless stream about the card artists of St. Louis—and slipped over an extra chip or two every time he made a "meld."

"WHERE did you learn to count poker chips, stranger? asked the mayor, who was forced to make a protest as the Missourian made an unusually open raid upon his stack of blues.

"Accuse me of cheating, will you?" Grinning Gordon yapped like a kicked cur. But as he did so he leaned across the table and drove his fist into Swank's fat face.

Then bedlam broke loose. The mayor was a tough old nut—a man had to be to run a free-and-easy beer garden, in the wide-open days.

Frank Custer backed into a corner. He had seen Gordon fight before—and didn't want to get within reach of those flailing arms.

But somehow the Missourian didn't seem to come up to his old form. Time and again he swung a murderous blow at his big antagonist—and fell away short.

Like a bulldog he shut his eyes and rushed into the battle, only to meet the gnarled fist of the mayor in a knockout blow.

Swank pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stamped out of the room. A minute later Grinning Gordon showed signs of coming back to life. His eyes rolled in a wide, searching glance of the room, to make sure the coast was clear. Then he sat up and started to talk.

"You fellows saw that big prune hit me—just because I wouldn't let him cheat at cards. A hot mayor you've got—the big hog-bellied bully! Why, back in Missouri we wouldn't let an animal like that sleep in one of our livery stables! He's so dirty he stinks!"

He still was muttering his curses as he slunk out of the poolroom and sneaked over to the hotel.

Frank Custer went home disgusted. Grinning Gordon had been a MAN—when he knew him back home—a fellow white to the core. Somehow he had developed a streak of yellow; and the disgrace was bound to reflect to the real estate agent's own shame. He saw his finish among the L. & O. boys.

THE next morning Custer went down town an hour earlier than usual. He found the Missouri Wind-storm at the poolroom. His lips were bruised and swollen, but that didn't keep him from talking.

Such a seething mass of hatred never had struck Democracy before. His mouth was full of poison slander such as only the hill-folks know how to use. Even the Doxology would have sounded like some new "cuss" word, if it had rolled off that contemptible, slurring tongue.

Frank Custer got him into a corner and slipped him a roll of bills. "You'd better take the next train for home," he advised. "You're just messing things up out here."

"Who, me?" Grinning Gordon shook his red head as he pocketed the money. "Not much—I've just started in to have a good time."

The real estate agent gave up in despair. He knew that Democracy was about fed up on the Missourian's line of talk; and sooner or later something was going to happen.

It was sooner. He looked out of his window and saw big, burly Porky McRough go stamping toward the poolhall.

Custer locked his door and hurried after him, hoping to salvage what was left of Grinning Gordon.

He was too late. The sound of battle came rolling out of the door to meet him.

Inside he found the poolroom loungers treed upon the soft-drink bar, while charge and countercharge swept over the no-man's-land of the littered floor.

The real estate agent hugged himself with secret joy. Grinning Gordon had "come back"—the clean, hard-hitting wild cat of the Ozarks.

His bruised lips were parted in a smile of peaceful content, as he took the hardest blows Porky could land and handed back two in place of every one he received.

When it was over some of McRough's henchmen crawled in thru the wreckage and pulled the big boss to a place of safety.

The Missourian edged over to the bar, washed the dust out of his throat with a glass of soda-pop, and began to talk foul-mouthed slander against the "big prune" who had hit him over a game of cards.

McRough was forgotten, as were the blows that had covered Gordon with a mass of blood. But the lesser punishment he had received from Otto Swank rankled like poison in his brain.

But the man from Missouri had earned his right to talk now. Nobody disputed the terrible things he was saying about the mayor. Once more they began to accept his cigars—and follow him around town.

The next morning Democracy was littered with handbills that had peen printed in the night:

MY DOLLAR AGAINST
YOUR DIME.

Grinning Gordon will bet a thick silver dollar against a thin silver dime, that Old Prune Swank gets defeated for Mayor in the coming election.

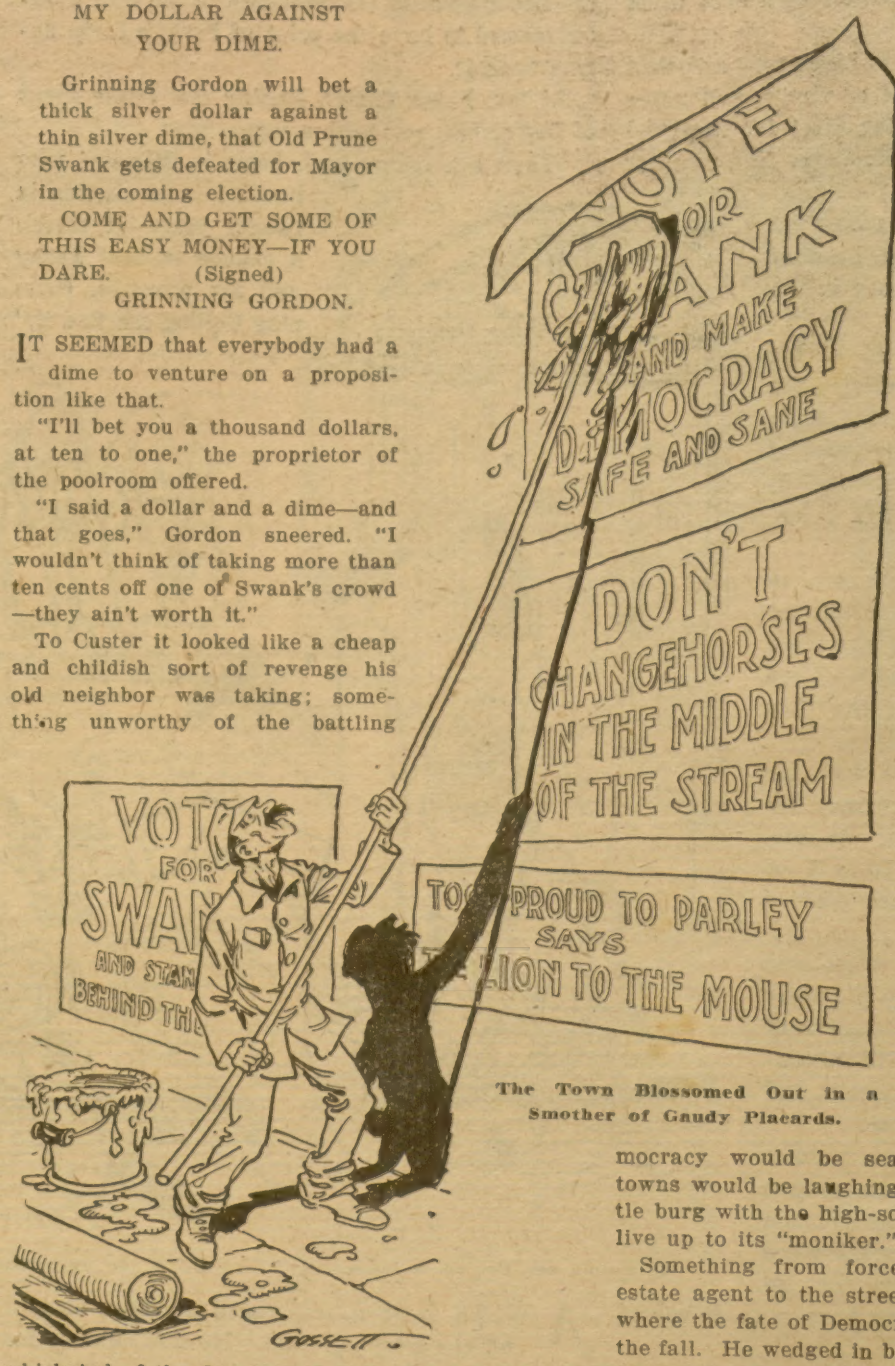
COME AND GET SOME OF THIS EASY MONEY—IF YOU DARE. (Signed)
GRINNING GORDON.

IT SEEMED that everybody had a dime to venture on a proposition like that.

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars, at ten to one," the proprietor of the poolroom offered.

"I said a dollar and a dime—and that goes," Gordon sneered. "I wouldn't think of taking more than ten cents off one of Swank's crowd—they ain't worth it."

To Custer it looked like a cheap and childish sort of revenge his old neighbor was taking; something unworthy of the battling whirlwind of the Ozarks.


VOTE FOR SWANK AND MAKE DEMOCRACY SAFE AND SANE
DON'T CHANGEHORSES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM
PROUD TO PARLEY SAYS ION TO THE MOUSE
GOSSETT

The Town Blossomed Out in a Smother of Gaudy Placards.

"Cut out the foolishness," he advised his talkative friend at the first opportunity. "And try to do something to win the election."

"Ain't I doing something now?" the other complained in a hurt voice. "I'm backing the L. & O. ticket with my last dollar—and I'm having the best time I've had since I had the mumps."

The man from Missouri went rumbling down the street, with his abusive tongue, and a bundle of handbills.

Whenever he found a man who wanted to win a thick dollar at the risk of a thin dime, he wrote out a form of agreement upon the back of one of the handbills, which each signed; wrapped the two pieces of money inside, and placed it in Si Rickett's safe.

After three days, Grinning Gordon tired of his exciting adventures and went up to Glacier Lake for a fishing trip with Old Si.

Before he left he did a little bill-posting himself. The next morning the Fire Hall bore this red-lettered announcement:

"Don't change hogs in the middle of the feed-trough."

The City Hall cautioned them to "Vote for Swank—and make Democracy safe for McRough."

Porky's favorite slogan of "Stand behind the police" had received a touch of red paint. It now read: "Hide behind the police."

The Methodist Church had changed its proverb. It now announced: "Not too proud to pussyfoot—said Porky to his mice."

"What about your Missouri Wonder?" one of the L. & O. boys gibed Custer that morning on the street.

The man who sold farm land did not answer. There was no answer. Whenever he looked there was a glaring poster crying out the shame of Democracy—and the one-time clean fighter from the Ozarks.

"Go away and let me forget it," Frank groaned to the bottom of his tortured soul. "I didn't think he'd stoop to the level of Porky—but he thinks it's a glorious joke."

Election morning Grinning Gordon came trailing in at the heels of Old Si. His strom-twisted teeth were bared in a grin of monstrous size—as large as the cutthroat trout he swore he had caught up at the lake.

CUSTER found him in the Kansas poolroom, with Mayor Swank backed into a corner. As usual, his jaw was working in open defiance of the eight-hour law.

"You don't know what your're missing, old top—sticking around in Democracy where people don't love you — when Glacier Lake is full of fish as long as——"

Frank Custer didn't wait to hear any more. He sneaked away to his office, where he held a long consultation with his bitter regrets. He knew that he alone was responsible for bringing that bean-spiller to town; and the people of Democracy would never forget. Like the Bedouin of camel-land, he'd have to fold his tent and silently sneak away.

Thru the unwashed glass of his neglected window, Frank Custer could see the polling-place, with Porky McRough waiting for the doors to open. Behind him trailed a long line of henchmen. Before another hour the fate of Democracy would be sealed, and the surrounding towns would be laughing in their sleeves at this little burg with the high-sounding name—that couldn't live up to its "moniker."

Something from force of habit drove the real estate agent to the street and down to the building where the fate of Democracy was tottering ready for the fall. He wedged in behind McRough as the doors opened.

Like an ironed convict he shuffled along in line. Porky drew his huge body up suddenly and a snort of disgust rolled from between his heavy lips.

Custer lifted his eyes in an indifferent glance at the officials of the election board. Then he stiffened with expectancy.

For there beside the ballot-box stood the windy little man from Missouri. His lips were parted in their famous smile, and his unlaundered teeth blazed out like a beacon.

He held a familiar-looking slip of paper in his fingers.

"I challenge this man's vote—for betting on the election," and Grinning Gordon handed one of the Dollar and Dime posters to the man behind the box.

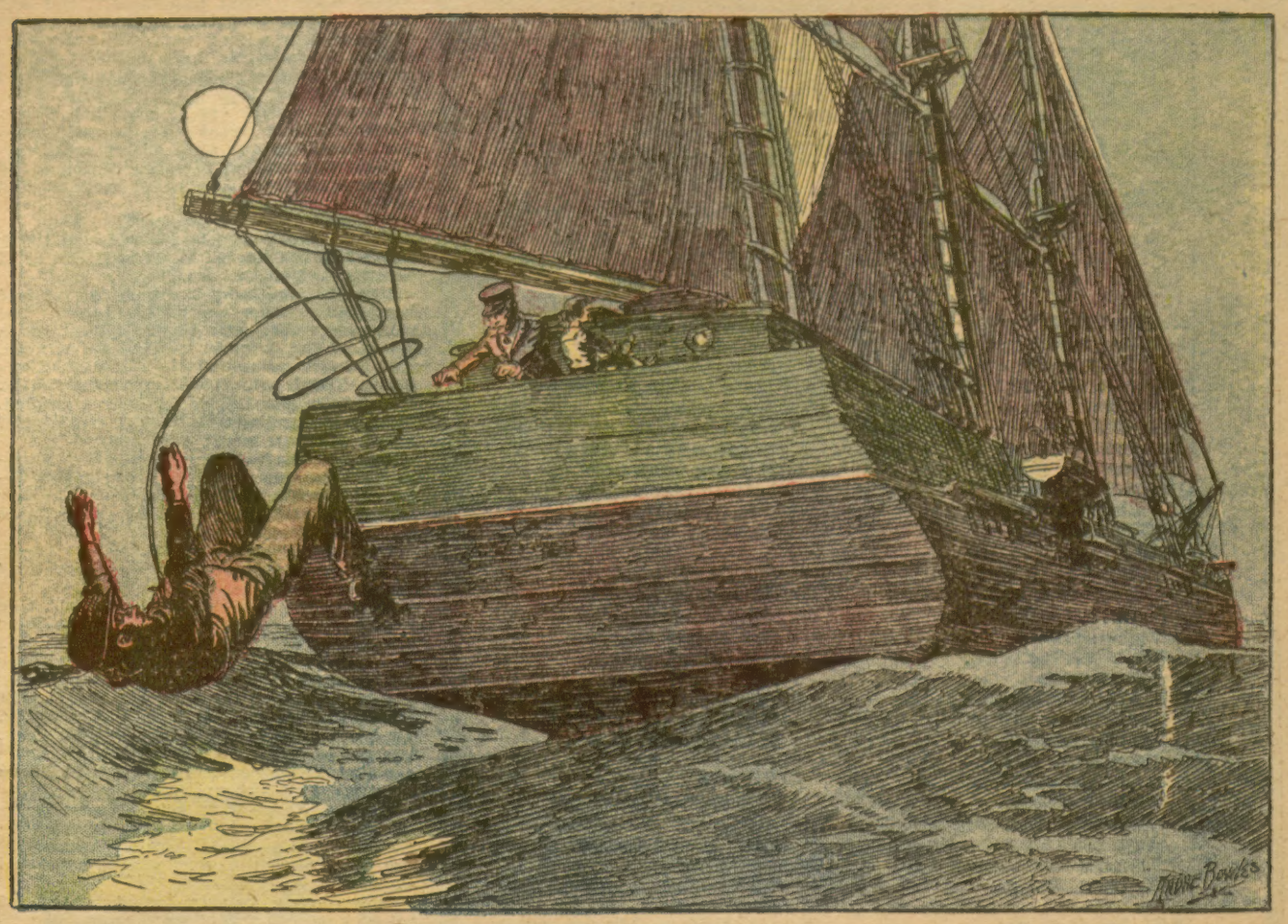
"I'll swear it in," Porky bellowed.

"It's your own signature, Mr. McRough," the official frowned. "You know what it means to swear to a lie."

Porky McRough turned away without a word. His wasn't the breed to whine over a whipping.

One by one his henchmen gave their names, and one by one Grinning Gordon sorted out the p[illegible]ter

(Continued on Page 23.)



With a Push He Toppled Roger Overboard.

Off Half Moon Reefs

By George Ethelbert Walsh

Incidents of the Opening Chapters

ROGER MASON, deep-sea sailor, having become a drug addict after numerous visits to Oriental ports, altho still a young man, found himself wandering aimlessly about on the coast of Georgia, a physical wreck and in dire need of his usual dose of cocaine. He had visited the office of

Doc MELCHIOR, a shady character carrying on in a village near the cove where Roger now found himself, had paid for a small supply of the dope, and after a few angry words had passed between the pair had been thrown from the doctor's office with the warning not to come there again. When he failed to find his drug Roger came to the conclusion that the "Doc" had stolen it from him after receiving pay for the stuff. While swearing vengeance on the dope handler, Roger chanced to observe a trim three-masted schooner lying in the cove, in shallow water, evidently awaiting the return of the tide. While gazing at the ship Roger was approached by

CHICK DOBY, who promised him a liberal supply of the drug if he would go aboard the schooner and apply for a berth as an able seaman, and then do his best to delay the ship's sailing—by fair means or foul—until he, Doby, could return with a sufficient force to capture the skipper and his crew, whom Doby branded as smugglers of something or other that could be easily handled. Doby confessed that he was anxious to get revenge upon

CAPTAIN HOLDING, skipper of the schooner Sky Pilot, claiming Holding had cheated him out of part ownership in the craft. Soon after boarding the ship, in which he was assisted by a pleasing young woman who handled a pair of oars like a veteran seaman, Roger was introduced to

JANE HOLDING, the captain's daughter, the same who had helped him aboard, who, after her mother's death, was pleased to make her home on her father's schooner, the cabins of which were now furnished more like a cozy bungalow than a three-masted coasting ship. The girl, a kind and attractive maid, quickly discovered Roger's "weakness" and was truly sorry for the young man. She tried to persuade him to remain aboardship and thus get safely away from the poisonous stuff that had unmanned him, but when a short distance out of the cove she heard a splash in the water, she believed Roger had made good his declaration that he would swim ashore when the schooner put out to sea. However, the splash was not made by Roger.

THE CREW of the Sky Pilot consist of Ben Ames, first mate; Abel Freeman, Lije Coles and three foreign sailors. "Whitey," a negro boy, was the ship's cook. Chick Doby had promised to secure a liberal supply of drug from Doc Melchior as part payment for Roger's endeavors to delay the ship, and it was understood that Roger was to get half of any reward that might be paid for the capture of the Sky Pilot and its band of alleged smugglers.

This story began in No. 49 of the Ledger for Dec. 4. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IV.

ROGER had no inclination to go to sea, nor had he intended to sail out of the cove on the Sky Pilot; but his indecision in carrying out his bargain with Chic Doby had brought him up against a proposition that sometime later caused him an immense amount of perturbation. For a time, however, he enjoyed the situation.

Jane thought he had jumped overboard to swim ashore as the schooner rounded the point where the distance to the land was the shortest. An accommodating fish breaking on the surface, or the splash of something that he could not account for, had deceived her. For a few minutes Roger remained hidden from view, watching the girl and chuckling softly to himself. At the dramatic moment he would walk out and surprise her.

Jane stood where she had waved to him and bade farewell. Roger could see the dark outline of her figure in the semi-gloom. She appeared to be leaning over the rail, with eyes searching the black waters.

"Anxious to know if I reached land all right," he chuckled. "Well, I won't keep her in doubt longer."

He made his way to her side, and, as she turned at hearing him, said: "What was it? I thought somebody tumbled overboard."

She was startled by his appearance, and showed it in the lift of her eyes and quick intake of breath; but she was a girl accustomed to keeping control of herself. "It wasn't you leaving, then?" she said, in a voice of unmistakable relief. "I'm glad of that."

Roger liked the frank expression of her words. She was glad that he had stayed, and he—— "Oh, there's time enough yet," he broke in. "I'm a good swimmer."

She shook her head, and glanced down at the black water again. "You couldn't do it now," she said. "The tide's turned, and it runs out of the cove like a mill race. No man could swim against it."

For the first time Roger was genuinely alarmed at his predicament. He started for the side in haste; she placed a detaining hand on his arm. "Please don't attempt it," she said in a voice of decision. "You can't do it."

"How far are we from the shore?" he asked, struggling to penetrate the darkness.

"Half a mile," she estimated. "But it isn't the distance so much. It's the tide."

"The channel's narrow," he persisted. "I could reach shore before the tide swept me out to sea."

"No," she contradicted. "The channel isn't narrow here. We're out of the cove. Can't you feel the roll of——"

He cut her short with a violent exclamation. "Damit! Are we at sea?" he shouted. Then his extraordinary behavior and words startled her. Pacing up and down the deck, he raved: "I won't go to sea! You'll have to put me ashore! I told you I wouldn't sign up for the trip. You've kidnaped me. If you don't put me ashore, I'll jump overboard, and—and——"

"Mr. Mason," Jane interrupted, surprised by his words and voice, "you had the choice of staying or going. Don't blame us if you chose to stay."

"I didn't choose to stay!" he snapped surlily. "I—I——"

"What is it, Jane?" called the deep voice of Captain Holding, as he appeared out of the gloom. "Anything wrong?"

Roger turned his wrath upon the skipper. "Anything wrong!" he sneered. "Is there anything wrong in shanghaiing a man? You got me aboard here, and then in the darkness ran out to sea with me. I told you I wouldn't sign up, and——"

"Young man," interrupted the skipper in a voice that had the effect of temporarily quieting Roger's overstrung nerves, "I wouldn't repeat that. It wouldn't be good for your health."

Roger lapsed into moody silence. He realized there was a threat behind the Captain's words, and he also gleaned the fact from his own consciousness that he was making a fool of himself. Such violent outbreaks of temper had become quite frequent of late; they were the irrational expression of nerves frayed to tatters by the drug. Always, when he recovered, he was ashamed.

Like a douse of cold water, the skipper's words awakened him. He turned and walked moodily away. He had to think of a plan to get back to shore. A long sea voyage was unthinkable. He recalled the last one when, for two long weeks, he had been without the drug. The torments of the damned had burned scars on his soul that had not yet entirely healed.

Two weeks more of hell! No, he couldn't stand it! He'd die first! Two weeks! Would the Sky Pilot be at sea for two weeks? What was her destination? He hadn't inquired, and no one had volunteered the information. He hadn't the faintest idea where she was bound or the character of her cargo.

A feeling of relief gradually came to him as he recalled what he knew of the craft. She was undoubtedly a coaster—most schooners were—and as such she wouldn't run far out to sea, but dodge from port to port up or down the coast, landing and taking on any cargoes offered. Perhaps by morning they would touch the first port or at least be near enough to the shore for him to swim it. Jane might volunteer to land him in the small boat; she had promised almost as much.

In a much better mood he walked forward. After his angry outburst he didn't want to meet Captain Holding or Jane; he felt ashamed of himself, and wasn't going to risk the girl's pity or contempt. Ben Ames was in command of the deck, directing the men in fixing the sails snugly against the freshening breeze blowing straight out into the ocean.

Unperceived by the mate, Roger stood a passive observer of the scene. He was a little amused by the clumsiness of the crew and the orders of Ames. "No deep water seamen," he mused. "Clumsy coasters—afraid to get out of sight of land." He recalled some of his own experiences when sails were blown to tatters and shrieking winds made these shore breezes seem mere zephyrs.

Under Ames' directions they were shortening sail. Roger smiled in derision. "What's the trouble, Dutchy?" he said, addressing Booley Hansen. "Afraid of this little blow?"

"I ain't afraid of nothin'," mumbled the squarehead stupidly. "I take orders."

"Sure! I forgot you weren't in command. All right, Dutchy, always take your orders, and——"

"Who's that?" interrupted Ames, peering thru the gloom. "Here, you, freshy! What're you doing forward, interfering with my orders!"

Roger backed away into the shadows when the burly figure approached, and seeing him retreat Ames followed up rapidly. He seized an arm, and held it. "If you ain't signed up as one of the crew, what in h—l are you! Passenger? Since when did the Sky Pilot carry passengers?"

"Don't ask me; ask the Captain," replied Roger, wincing under the pinch of the gripping hand. "And loosen up on that hold or something may break."

"Sure, and it will be your arm," sneered the mate.

"No," replied Roger, flaring up angrily, "it won't be my arm."

"No! What then?" added Ames, shaking him. "What will break if I don't loosen up?"

He gave the arm an extra squeeze, digging his thumb into the sensitive flesh until it brought a grunt from Roger. It was too much for human endurance. Roger raised his free arm, and brought his fist down on the back of the other's hand, using his knuckles so they dug deep into the sensitive flesh between bone and muscle. It was a trick calculated to break a man's hold under any circumstances. Ames grunted with the pain of it and automatically relaxed his hold.

Roger, in the old days, would have retreated swiftly or squared for the other's attack the moment he was free; but he was out of practice, and weak at that. He grinned and wagged his head.

"The next time you'll remember," he said.

"The next time," growled Ames menacingly, "will never come."

Roger saw the blow coming, but not until too late to dodge it. The big fist landed squarely in his face, propelling him backward several feet before he lost his balance and dropped to the deck. What happened after that he had no way of knowing. He was totally oblivious to all mundane affairs.

WHEN he finally opened his eyes again he was lying on something soft, with his head resting in the lap of Jane, while she industriously applied a solution of arnica to his face. She had no way of knowing that he had recovered consciousness, and for a little while Roger deliberately kept the fact from her. His mind picked up the threads of the past, and he concluded that the mate had struck him with his fist and that his present battered condition was due to that.

His face and left eye were in a painfully swollen condition, and the mere touch of the soft cotton, saturated with arnica, sent little thrills of agony thru him. Once he groaned in spite of himself.

"Oh, did I hurt?" asked Jane withdrawing her hand.

"No, it was a dream I had," lied Roger, forcing a smile. "It was real, too, wasn't it? I was kicked by a mule."

"Not exactly," she replied, returning

his smile. "But Ben Ames can strike like a mule kicks."

Roger sat up on the bed, and found that he was in the Captain's cabin, with a small suspended kerosene lamp burning dimly overhead. They were alone. He had evidently been carried there, and left in the hands of Jane.

"Are you the ship's doctor, too?" he asked, twisting his battered face into the semblance of a smile.

"Sometimes," she nodded. "I've doctored most of the crew at one time or another."

"It's a temptation," he said weakly, in an attempt to be facetious, "to get sick."

She ignored his remark, neither smiling nor frowning at it. She was a very sensible, practical girl, with no nonsense about her. Roger concluded he liked her better for this. He sat up straighter and tried to rise. "I'm all right," he said. "I've had worse knocks in my time."

"Ben Ames was a brute for striking one so—so——"

"——Weak and small," he finished for her, laughing. "Oh, no, he had provocation. I struck him first."

"So he said. But I didn't believe him."

"It was true," added Roger. I landed one on the back of his closed fist—right between the bones and tendons. It hurts there, if you strike right. See?"

He imitated the blow, showing how the knuckles would automatically break a hand-hold if properly placed. Jane understood, for she nodded and smiled. "I hope it hurt him," she said.

"It did—but not as much as th—" Roger added, wincing as he placed a hand to his sore face. "He got the best of me. But some day I'll repay him. I'll remember it."

"You want to leave Ben Ames alone," she advised brusquely. "You're no match for him. He'll kill you the next time."

Roger smiled and chuckled to himself. He was recalling the day when a bigger man than Ben Ames had gone down before his rapid-fire blows. Before the drug had got him there was no man, big or small, who could match his combination of skill and muscular efficiency and get away with it. The best one could hope for was a draw.

"Maybe he will," he mused. "Yes, I guess he could do it." He sighed and closed his eyes.

It was very still in the cabin. Roger felt very drowsy, and wasn't sure but he fell off for an instant into a doze. He opened his eyes again with a start. The girl was still in the cabin, watching him patiently.

"What time is it?" he asked suddenly.

"Nearly morning," she replied.

He felt the heave and pitch of the schooner. "We're at sea?" he added.

"Yes," she nodded. "Are you sorry?"

He made no reply. The blow in the face had weakened him more than he imagined, and he felt very tired and sleepy. He closed his eyes once more. The girl was quiet for a time, and then suddenly leaned toward him. "Are you well enough to listen to something?" she asked.

He opened his eyes and nodded, but without much enthusiasm or animation. She hesitated a moment, and then added:

"You remember the splash we heard in the water when we sailed out of the cove? I thought you'd jumped overboard to swim ashore."

He nodded again, and waited.

"Well, I know what caused it."

"A breaking fish?" he inquired listlessly.

"No, it was a man."

"Somebody fall overboard?"

"No, somebody came aboard."

"How's that? I don't understand."

He was wide awake now, and listening intently.

"We were passing a point of land where one could almost reach the stern of the schooner as we changed our course," she explained. "With a loose rope dangling over the stern almost any one could get aboard."

"I see," he said. "And somebody did?"

"Yes, he jumped for the rope—caught it—and splashed in the water. That's what we heard."

"What happened then?" Roger asked quickly, his interest thoroly aroused.

"He clung to the rope, dragging in the water," Jane went on, "until he could get his breath. Then he slowly climbed up it. The rope was dangling from the small boat swinging over the stern. He climbed into that and rested."

"And you discovered him there?" questioned Roger.

"No, he showed himself half an hour ago. Crawled out of the boat and came on deck. He's aboard now."

"A stowaway?"

"Not exactly," she frowned. "I wish he was nothing worse than a harmless stowaway."

"Who is he?" asked Roger.

"Nobody you know," she replied slowly. "He used to be a friend, but now—now—he's an enemy. He's sworn to get father. He's—he's not a pleasant man. I think sometimes he's—he's—— No, I shouldn't say that! He may not be dangerous, but sometimes I'm afraid—afraid for father. I wish he wasn't aboard."

"Who is he?" Roger asked again. "His name, I mean?"

"Nobody you know," she replied wearily. "Chick Doby."

"Chick Doby!"

Roger repeated the name with such emphasis that Jane glanced at him in surprise. "Do you know him?" she asked, frowning.

"Know him?" he laughed. "Why, yes, I met him in Inwood. He's pretty well known there, isn't he?"

"Yes." Then anxiously: "Is he a friend of yours?"

"A friend of mine? No. Neither is he an enemy. Chic and me are just acquaintances. He owes me something, and if he's aboard he'll have to pay up or——"

The eyes flashed brightly, feverishly, and as if miraculous strength had suddenly come to him he jumped to his feet.

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"Jim"

BY BRET HARTE.

Say, there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offense;
Thar ain't no sense
In gettin' riled!
Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar;
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.

Thank ye, sir! You
Ain't of that crew—
Blest if you are!
Money!—Not much;
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind.
Seein' it's you.
Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess about your size;
Same kind of eyes—
Well, that is strange;
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
Eh?

The h—l you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?
What makes you star—
You, over thar?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must r'ar?
It wouldn't take
D—n much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,
No-account men;
Then to take him!
Well, thar— Good-by—
No more, sir—I——

Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes? By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

CHAPTER V.

CHIC DOBY was standing aft, talking to Captain Holding, when Roger came on deck shortly after sunrise. The two were so absorbed in conversation that Roger's presence was not immediately discovered. The corner of the deck-house partly hid them from view, shielding them from the wind that had increased during the night to half a gale.

Still weak and groggy from the blow in the face, Roger supported himself at the head of the companionway to glance around the horizon. There was no land in sight. The schooner was running free with the wind, with most of the topsails furled, and so far as the eye could see there was nothing but tossing waves in the picture.

He was more than disappointed; he was a little alarmed and distressed. His hope that the Sky Pilot would touch some port early in the morning vanished in that first glimpse of the sea. Coasting ships rarely got much beyond the sight of land, but Roger knew by instinct, strengthened by many years on the water, that they were running far out of the course usually followed by coasters.

"And we're headed away from the shore!" he muttered to himself. "We'll fetch up somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic if we keep this course."

His eyes drifted to Chic Doby talking with Captain Holding. A sudden eagerness came into his face. The man would have a supply of dope he craved, unless—and this was a fearful thing to consider—in the scramble aboard the schooner he had lost it or it had become soaked with water. The fear of any such accident made Roger tremble.

He started forward to interview Chic when Captain Holding's voice arrested him. "Now, Chic," he was saying, "you just act reasonable, and we won't have any trouble."

"And if I don't, you think there will be trouble!" sneered Chic. "Well, Jim Holding, I came aboard to make trouble for you, and by heavens, you'll get a big dose of it before we're in sight of land again! Remember that!"

Instead of flaring up angrily at this defiance, Captain Holding made another peace offer. "There ain't no sense of doing that, Chic," he replied in a conciliatory voice. "You know I'm in absolute command here, and I can put you in irons if you start anything."

Chic laughed insultingly. "You wouldn't dare do that, Jim!" he answered. "You know you wouldn't. If you did I'd tell every man aboard here what a white-livered skunk and dead beat you were, and——"

"That's quite enough, Chic!" was the interruption. "If you go too far you'll see."

He walked away to meet Jane, who had been standing by the rail nervously listening, but pretending absorption in the water. Protected by the deck-house, Roger attracted Chic's attention without being seen.

"Hello, Chic!" he called, grinning. "Was this a part of the game—to take a sea trip on the Sky Pilot?"

Doby's face became livid with rage at the sight of Roger. "You little dried-up dope fiend," he growled, coming forward, "you tried to double-cross me, and——"

Roger stiffened. He had come thru one unpleasant altercation with a man bigger than himself without credit, and he didn't intend to be taken off his guard again. His lips curled, showing his white teeth. "Quit calling names," he snarled, "or——"

His fists were doubled, and the eyes defiant. Chic stopped and looked at him. He smiled, and added: "I believe you've got some spunk in you after all, my little bantam rooster. Would you fight me?"

Roger moistened his lips and nodded. Doby surveyed him in silence. Then noticing his battered face, he asked: "Who branded you like that?"

"Ben Ames!"

Doby chuckled. "Ben's got a heavy hand and a mighty hard fist, but I can lick him any day. Ask Ben. I trounced him once, and can do it again."

Roger made no reply, but continued watching him warily.

"Now," Chic added after a pause, "you want to run up against me? Look there!"

Roger made no other sign that he heard than to shift his eyes to the doubled fist. Doby watched him in silence. The smile gradually lifted from his face, and he became serious.

"I believe you would, Mason," he said slowly. "You may have been a fighter in your day. Anyway, you've got spunk."

"I've licked bigger men than you or Ben Ames!" snarled Roger boastfully. "And I can do it again!"

Chic chuckled in delight. He enjoyed baiting another, especially if there was no power to retaliate. "I could break you in two, Mason," he said with elaborate precision, "and chuck the parts overboard."

"Just try it," defied Roger, whose passion made him forgetful of physical disqualifications.

Doby hesitated another minute, and then his attitude changed. He dropped his hands and became friendly.

"I wasn't going to touch you, you chump," he added. "I was just teasing. I got enough troubles without taking on any more. Now let's be friends and talk sense. What happened that you didn't cripple the old hooker when I signaled? You saw my light?"

Roger nodded. "And I answered it."

"Yes, I saw the flicker of your match. That's what stumped me when she got under way. What happened? Did any one suspect you?"

Roger saw a way out of his predicament. He scowled and nodded. "They all suspected me—Captain Holding and his daughter."

"I was afraid so," growled Chic. "That's why I raced for the point and got aboard by the skin of my teeth."

"Did you see Doc Melchior?" demanded Roger eagerly. The other nodded and smiled.

"And you got the cocaine?"

"Yes, I got some; but how'd you think I could get it aboard the way I came? I was soaked to the skin."

Roger's face fell; the very worst had happened. Here he was aboard the schooner, miles out at sea, with not a pinch of the drug in reach. He winced, and let out an unconscious groan of despair. Chick watched him complacently.

"I got to get ashore," Roger mumbled. Then, brightening: "Where're we bound? When will we touch port again?"

Doby deliberated with irritating slowness. "I'm not absolutely sure," he observed finally, "but near's I can gather from Jim Holding's remarks we'll be at sea for at least a month."

"A month!" shrieked Roger.

"We're provisioned for three months," calmly added Chic.

Roger did not seem to hear. One month or three months, it didn't matter; the difference was nothing to him. At the end of a month he would be dead or back on shore. It was a toss of a penny which. He knew the dangers of drifting about on the sea in a small boat alone, but he intended to adopt this expedient. By hook or crook he would get away in one of the boats at night, and drift and drift until picked up or dead.

"Our destination is somewhere off the coast of Honduras," Doby explained further. "And"—more slowly—"when we get there we don't land, except on a reef miles away from shore."

Roger only faintly heard him. His mind was too busy devising a way of escape before it was too late.

"What they want to land on a reef for?" he asked irritably. "I want to get back to shore where I can buy——"

"Some dope," Chick finished for him, smiling.

Roger nodded. "Well, I'm afraid you can't do it. We're too far away from land."

"I could do it in one of the boats," Roger murmured, glancing furtively in the direction of one hanging from the davits.

Doby caught his meaning, and shook his head. "No, you don't want to do that," he cautioned. "It would be suicide."

"That's better than living in hell—and it would be hell here."

"Not if you had plenty of cocaine, would it?" smiled Chic.

Roger glanced anxiously at him, and then slowly shook his head. "No, I suppose not. I'm used to the sea, and——"

"You were a sailor once?" interrupted Chic.

Roger laughed. "I knocked about the South Seas for five years, and picked up a little information," he replied.

Doby's face grew very sober and serious. He was thinking hard, and his thoughts were reflected in his eyes.

"Mr. Mason," he added finally, "what would you say if I promised you enough cocaine to last the trip? Would you see it thru?"

Roger's face lighted with eagerness. He gulped once or twice, as tho his throat was dry and restricted. "I'd go thru to hell," he croaked. "I'd stick by you like—like——"

"Would you thrash Ben Ames for a pinch of it now?"

"Show me the stuff, and I'll beat him into a pulp," was the prompt retort.

"And Captain Holding?"

Roger winced, but he nodded, and then demanded:

"You got any of the stuff with you?"

"Wait a minute! How about Jane Holding? Would you—would you——"

"Say," interrupted Roger wrathfully, "you leave her out. I'm not fighting women. Get that, now! Man to man I ain't afraid of anybody, and I'd tackle you this minute; but you've got to cut her out."

Doby saw his mistake, and nodded. "All right. We'll leave Jane out of it. Now I saved a little of the stuff. Had it in a water-tight bottle. It's enough to last for the trip."

"Give it to me!" cried Roger, springing forward.

"No, I'll dole it out to you from day to day," was the steady reply. "I wouldn't trust you with the whole lot. You'll come to me when you want it."

"Where is it?"

"Where you can't find it or get it."

"If it's aboard this ship, I can find it," leered Roger craftily.

"You think so, but you can't," replied Doby.

Then changing his attitude, he added: "I'll give you a small dose of it now—just the amount Doc Melchior said was safe."

Roger extended a hand, and said hoarsely: "Give it to me, or I won't believe you've got it! You're lying to me! If you are, I'll kill you—yes, I'll kill you to search your clothes and body!"

Doby retreated a step, and muttered:

(Continued on Page 24.)

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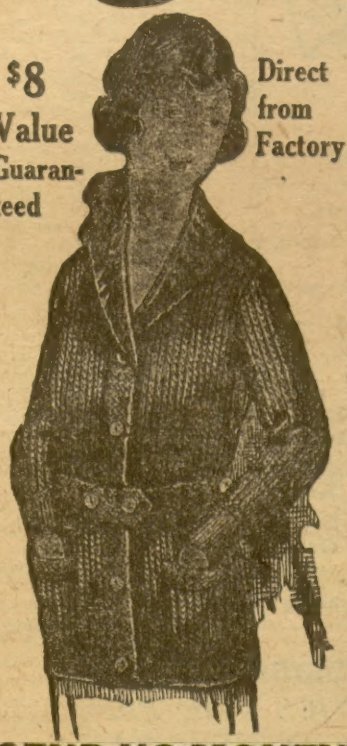

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Knox at once hired out as a sailor in order to be able to get around below and keep his eyes open. After a conversation with one of the women who was locked in a cabin, he learned that the girl who he had been taking to Canada was Eloise Beaucaire, the white girl, instead of Rene, the octoroon.

The vessel landed at Yellow Banks to discharge stores for the soldiers assembled there, and Knox, peeping from a lower deck, saw Kirby steering two women down a narrow gangplank at the end of the boat. At once he slipped from the boat into the water and swam to shore himself. He then made his way to a groggery back in the woods.

RALE, the proprietor, proved to be looking for a man to do some shady work, and he seized upon Knox, unshaven and dirty as he was, for that work. He wished a man to wait some distance away from the camp that night with two horses to take two women down to Bear Creek, twenty miles away, to which point Kirby was to come later and marry one of them. But at the meeting place, in the dark of night, the starlight fell on Knox's face and revealed him to Kirby, his enemy.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger for Oct. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FUGITIVES.

I COULD not see the mingled hate and horror glaring in the man's eyes, but there could be no doubt of his recognition. The acknowledgment found expression in a startled exclamation.

"By G—d!—you, here!"

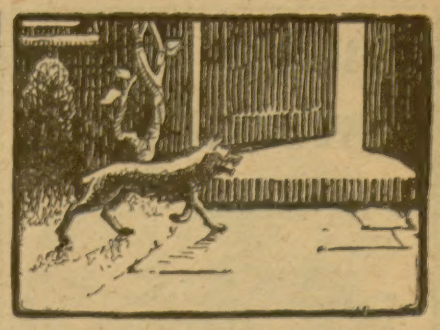
That was all the time I gave him. With every pound of strength, with every ounce of dislike, I drove a clinched fish into that surprised face, and the fellow went down as tho smitten by an ax. Even as he reeled, Rale leaped on me, cursing, failing to understand the cause, yet instinctively realizing the presence of an enemy. He caught me from behind, the very weight of his heavy body throwing me from balance, altho I caught one of his arms, as he attempted to strike, and locked with him in desperate struggle. He was a much heavier and stronger man than I, accustomed to bar-room fighting, reckless of method, caring for nothing except to get his man. His grip at my throat, and, even as his fingers closed savagely, he struck me with one knee in the stomach, and drove an elbow straight into my face. The next instant we were locked together so closely any blow became impossible, youth and agility waging fierce battle against brutal strength. I think I was his match, yet this I never knew—for all my thought centered in an effort to keep his hands from reaching any weapon.

Whatever happened to me, there must be no alarm, no noise sufficiently loud so as to attract the attention of sentries on guard. This affair must be fought out with bare knuckles and straining sinews—fought in silence to the end. I held him to me in a bear grip, but his overmastering strength bore me backward, my body bending beneath the strain until every muscle ached.

"D—n you—you sneakin' spy!" he hissed savagely, and his paws snapped at me like a mad beast. "Let go! d—n you—let go!"

Crazed with pain, I swerved to one side, and half fell, my grip torn loose about his arms, but as instantly closing again around his lower body. He strained, but failed to break my grasp, and I should have hurled him over the hip, but at that second Gaskins struck me, and I went tumbling down, with the saloon-keeper falling flat on top of me, his pudgy fingers still clawing fiercely at my throat. It seemed as tho consciousness left my brain, crushed into death by those gripping hands, and yet the spark of life remained, for I heard the ex-preacher utter a yelp, which ended in a moan, as a blow struck

"Who Are You?" She Breathed, Incredulously, Lifting Herself Upon One Hand.



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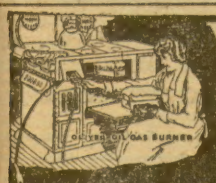

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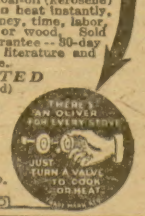

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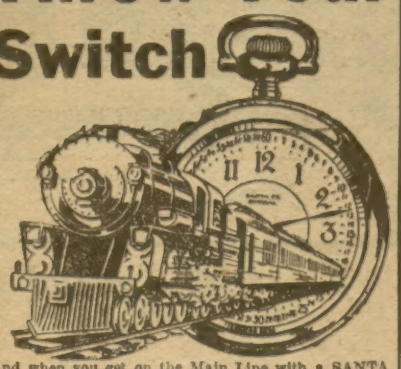

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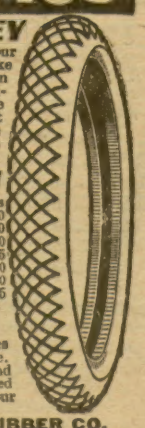

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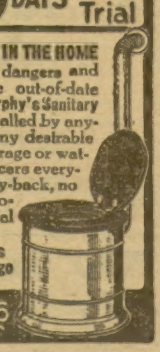

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him; then Rale was jerked off me, and I gobbingly caught my breath, my throat free. Into my dazed mind there echoed the sound of a voice.

"Is thet 'nough, Jack?—then holler. D—n yer, yer try thet agin, an' I'll spill whut brains ye got all over this kintry. Yes, it's Tim Kennedy talkin', an' he's talkin' ter ye. Now yer lie whar yer are. Yer ain't killed, be ye, Knox?"

I managed to lift myself out of the dirt, still clutching for breath, but with my mind clearing.

"No; I guess I'm all right, Tim," I said, panting out the words with an effort. "What's become of Kirby? Don't let him get away."

"I ain't likely to. He's a-lyin' right whar yer dropped him. Holy smoke! it sounded ter me like we hit him with a pole-ax. I got his gun, an' thet'se whut's makin' this skunk hold so blame still—oh, yes, I will, Jack Rale; I'm just a-achin' fer ter let ye hav' it."

"And the other fellow? He hit me."

"My ol' frien', Gaskins; thet's him, all right." The deputy gave vent to a short, mirthless laugh. "Oh, I rapped him with the butt; had ter do it. He'd got hold ov a club somwhar, an' wus goin' ter give yer another. It will be a while, I reckon, 'fore he takes much interest. What'll I do with this red-headed gink?"

I succeeded in reaching my feet, and stood there a moment, gaining what view I could thru the darkness. The short struggle, desperate as it had been, was not a noisy one, and I could hear nothing about us to indicate any alarm. No hurrying footsteps, no cries told of disturbance in any direction. Kirby rested exactly as he had fallen, and I stared down at the dim outlines of his distended body, unable to comprehend how my swift blow could have wrought such damage. I bent over him wonderingly, half believing he feigned unconsciousness. The fellow was alive, but his head lay upon a bit of jagged rock—this was what had caused serious injury, not the impact of my fist. Kennedy had one hard knee pressed into Rale's abdomen and the star-rays reflected back the steel glimmer of the pistol held threateningly before the man's eyes. The horses beyond stood motionless, and the two women in the saddles appeared like silent shadows. I stood up once more, peering thru the darkness and listening. Whatever was to be done, I must decide, and quickly.

"Have Rale stand up, but keep him covered. Don't give him any chance to break away; now wait—there is a lariat rope hanging to this saddle; I'll get it."

It was a strong cord of good length, and we proceeded to bind the fellow securely in spite of his objections, I taking charge of the pistol, while Tim, who was more expert, did the job in a workmanlike manner. Rale ventured no resistance, altho he made no effort to restrain his tongue.

"Thar ain't no use pullin' thet rope so tight, yer ol' fule. Gy G—d, but yer goin' ter pay fer all this. Maybe ye think ye kin git away in this kintry, but I'll show ye. D—n nice trick yer two played, wa'nt it? The laff will be on 'tother side afore termorrer night. No, I won't shet up, an' ye can't make me—ye ain't done with this job yet. Curse ye, Tim Kennedy, letup on thet."

"Now gag him, Tim," I said quietly. "Yes, use the neckerchief. He can do more damage with his mouth than any other way. Good enough; you are an artist in your line; now help me drag him over here into the woods. He is a heavy one. That will do; all we can hope for a few hours' start."

"Is Kirby dead?"

"I'm afraid not, but he has got an ugly bump and lost some blood; his head struck a rock when he fell. It will be a while, I imagine, before he wakes up. How about your man?"

He crossed over and bent down above the fellow, feeling with his hands in the darkness.

"I reckon he's a goner, Cap," he admitted, as tho surprised. "Gosh, I must'r hit the cuss harder than I thought—fair caved in his head, the pore devil. I reckon it's no great loss ter noboddy."

"But are you sure he is dead? That will put a different aspect on all this, Kennedy!" I exclaimed gravely, facing him as he rose to his feet. "That and the belief I now have that Kirby has already consummated his plan of marriage with Miss Beaucaire."

"You mean he has——"

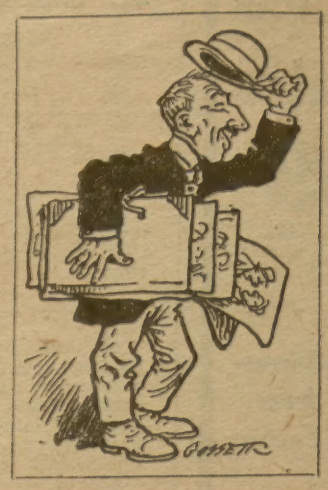
"Yes, that he has forced the girl to assent to some form of ceremony, probably legal in this country. I overheard enough between him and Rale to suspect it, at least, and she is even now under the influence of some drug. She hasn't spoken, nor does she seem to know what is going on about her. They strapped her in the saddle."

"The h—l they did."

"It has been a hellish affair all the way thru, and the only way in which I can serve her, if this is so, is by getting her away—as far as possible, and where this devil can never find her again. She's got to be saved not only from him, but also from the scandal of it."

He stood silent, little more than a shadow before me, his head bent, as tho struggling with a new thought, a fresh understanding.

"I reckon I kin see thet, sir, now."



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His voice somehow contained a new note of respect, as tho the truth had suddenly dawned upon him. "I didn't just get hold of things rightly afore; why an Army officer like yer should be mixed up in this sorter job. But I reckon I do now—yer in love with her yerself; ain't that it, sir?"

"Yes, Tim," I confessed frankly, and not at all sorry to make the avowal. "That is the truth. Now what would you do if you were in my place?"

"Just exactly whut yer doin', I reckon," he returned heartily. "Only maybe I'd kill thet dirty skunk afore I went away; d—d if I wudn't."

I shook my head.

"No, not in cold blood. I wouldn't have been sorry if he had died fighting, but murder is not my line. He deserves death, no doubt, but it is not possible for me to kill him lying there helpless. What bothers me most right now is your case."

"Mine? Lord, what's the matter with me?"

"Considerable, I should say. You can not be left here alone to face the result of this night's work. If Gaskins is dead from the blow you struck him, these two fellows will swear your life away just for revenge. Even if you told the whole story, what chance would you have? That would only expose us, and still fail to clear you. It would merely be your word against theirs—you would have no witnesses, unless we were caught."

"I reckon thet's true; I wasn't thinkin' 'bout it."

"Then there is only the one road to take, Tim," I insisted. "We've got to strike the trail together."

"Whar?"

"I cannot answer that now; I haven't thought it out yet. We can talk that matter over as we ride. I have a map with me, which will help us decide the best course to choose. The first thing is to get out of this neighborhood beyond pursuit. If you only had a horse."

"Thar's two critters down in the crick bottom. I reckon thet Kirby an' Gaskins must'r tied 'em thar."

"Good; then you will go; you agree with me?"

"Thar ain't nuthin' else fer me ter do—hangin' ain't never bin no hobby o' mine. As I understand it, this Gaskins wus one o' these yere militia men. I reckon thet if these yere two bugs wus ter swear thet I killed him—as most likely they will—them boys wud string me up furst, an' find out fer sure afterwards. Thar ain't so d—n much law up yere, an' thet's 'bout whut wud happen. So the sooner I leave these yere parts, the more likely I am ter live a while yet."

"Then let's start," decisively. "Pick up one of those horses down on the bottom, and turn the other loose. I'll lead on down the trail and you can meet us at the ford—once across the creek we can decide which way to travel; there must be four hours of darkness yet."

I PICKED up the trailing rein of my horse and slipped my arm thru it. Tim faded away in the gloom like a vanishing shadow. The young woman next me, strapped securely to her saddle, made no movement, exhibited no sign of interest;

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her head and body drooped, yet her hands grasped the pommel as tho she still retained some dim conception of her situation. The face under her hood was bent forward and shaded and her eyes, altho they seemed open, gave no heed to my presence. I touched her hands—thank God, they were moist and warm, but when I spoke her name it brought no response. The other horse, ridden by the mulatto girl, was forced between us.

"Who are ye?" she questioned, wonderingly. "Ye just called her by name, an' ye must know her. Whut ye goin' fer ter do with us, sah?"

I looked up toward her face, without distinguishing its outlines. I felt this was no time to explain; that every moment lost was of value.

"Never mind now; I know who she is and that you are Elsie Clark. We are your friends."

"No, he ain't—not thet other man; he ain't no friend o' mine, Ah tell ye. He's de one whut locked me up on de boat. Ah sure know'd his voice; he done locked me up, an' Ah's a free nigger."

"Forget that, Elsie; he's helping you now to get away. You do just what I tell you to and above all keep still. Miss Beaucaire was drugged, wasn't she?"

"Ah don't know, sah. She sure does act mighty queer, but Ah nebber see her take nuthin'. Ah nebber see nuthin' 'tall till dey took me outer de shack an' galivanted me up yere. Whar I heerd yer voice afore?"

"I haven't time to explain that; we are going now."

I started forward on foot, leading my horse, the others trailing after thru the darkness. Knowing nothing of the way, I was thus better able to pick the path, yet I found this not difficult, as it was rather plainly outlined by the forest growth on either side. It led downward at a gentle slope, altho the grade was sufficiently steep so as to force Eloise's body forward and compel me to support her as best I could with one arm. She still appeared to be staring directly ahead with unseeing eyes, altho her hands clung as tightly as ever to the saddle pommel. I clinched my teeth, half crazed at the sight of her condition, yet feeling utterly helpless to do more. I spoke to her again, but received no answer, not the slightest evidence that she even heard my voice or recognized her name.

The trail was clay with a few stones imbedded in it, and the horses made little noise in their descent, except once when Elsie's animal slipped and sent a loosened bit of rock rolling down to splash in some pool below. We came to the bank of the creek at last, a narrow stream, easily fordable, but with a rather steep shore line beyond, and waited there a moment until Tim emerged from out the black woods at our right and joined us. He was mounted, and, believing the time had arrived for more rapid movement, I also swung up into saddle and ranged the girl's horse beside mine.

"It looks to be open country beyond there," I said, pointing across, "what little I can see of it. You better ride the other side of Miss Beaucaire, Tim, and help me hold her up—the colored girl can trail behind. We'll jog the horses a bit."

They were not stock to be proud of, yet they did fairly well, Tim's mount evidently the best of the four. The going was decidedly better once we had topped the bank. The stars were bright enough overhead to render the well-marked trail easily visible, and this led directly southward, across a rolling plain. We may have ridden for two miles without a word, for altho I had no intention of proceeding far in this direction, I could discover no opportunity for changing our course, so as to baffle pursuit. That Kirby and Rale would endeavor to follow us at the earliest opportunity was most probable. They were neither of them the sort to accept defeat without a struggle, and, after the treatment they had received, the desire for revenge would be uppermost. Nor thus far would there be any difficulty in their picking up our trail, at least as far as the creek crossing, and this would assure them the direction we had chosen. Beyond the ford tracing our movements might prove more troublesome, as the short, wiry grass under foot, retained but slight imprint of unshod hoofs, the soil beneath being of a hard clay. Yet to strike directly out across the prairie would be a dangerous experiment.

Then suddenly, out of the mysterious darkness which closed us in, another grove loomed up immediately in our front, and the trail plunged sharply downward into the depths of a rugged ravine. I was obliged to dismount and feel my way cautiously to the bottom, delighted to discover there a smoothly flowing, narrow stream, running from the eastward betwen high banks, overhung by trees. It was a dismal, gloomy spot, a veritable cave of darkness, yet apparently the very place I had been seeking for our purpose. I could not even perceive the others, but the restless movement of their horses told me of their presence.

"Kennedy."

"Right yere, sir. Lord, but its dark—found enything."

"There is a creek here. I don't know where it flows from, but it seems to come out of the east. One thing is certain, we have got to get off this trail. If we can lead the horses up stream a way and then circle back it would keep those fellows guessing for a while. Come here and see what you think of the chance."

He was not to exceed two yards away from me, but came shuffling uncertainly forward, feeling gingerly for footing in the blackness along the rock-strewn bank. His outstretched hand touched me, startling us both, before we were aware of our close proximity.

"Hell, but I'm as blind as a bat," he laughed. "Is this the crick? How wide is it?"

"I just waded across; about five yards and not more than two feet deep."

"Maybe it's blocked up above."

"Of course, it might be, but it seems like a chance worth taking. We are sure to be caught if we hang to this trail."

"I reckon thet's so. Ye let me go ahead with the nigger gurl, an' then follow after us, leadin' Miss Beaucaire's hoss. By jeminy crickets, 'tain't deep 'nough fer ter drown us enyway, an' I ain't much afeerd o' the dark. Thar's likely ter be sum place whar we kin get out up thar. Whar the hell are them hosses?"

We succeeded in locating the animals by feeling and I waited on the edge of the bank, the two reins wrapped about my arm, until I heard the others go splashing down into the water. Then I also groped my own way cautiously forward, the two horses trailing behind me, down the sharply shelving bank into the stream. Tim chose his course near to the opposite shore, and I followed his lead closely, guided largely by the splashing of Elsie's animal thru the shallow water. Our movement was a very slow and cautious one. Kennedy halting frequently to assure himself that the passage ahead was safe. Fortunately the bottom was firm and the current not particularly strong, our greatest obstacle being the low-hanging branches which swept against us. Much of my time was expended in holding these back from contact with Eloise's face, our horses sedately plodding along behind their leaders.

I think we must have waded thus to exceed a mile when we came to a fork in the stream and plumped into a tangle of uprooted trees, which ended our further progress. Between the two branches, after a little search, we discovered a gravelly beach, on which the horses' hoofs would leave few permanent marks. Beyond this gravel we plunged into an open wood thru whose intricacies we were compelled to grope blindly. Tim and I both afoot, and constantly calling to each other, so as not to become separated. I had lost all sense of direction, when this forest finally ended, and we again emerged upon open prairie, with a myriad of stars shining overhead.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ISLAND IN THE SWAMP.

THE relief of thus being able to perceive each other and gain some view of our immediate surroundings, after that struggle thru darkness, cannot be expressed in words. My first thought was for the girl, whose horse I had been leading, but her eyes were no longer open and staring vacantly forward; they were now tightly closed, and, to all appearances, she slept soundly in the saddle. In the first shock of so discovering her, I touched her flesh to assure myself that she was not dead, but the blood was flowing warm and life-like thru her veins. She breathed so naturally I felt this slumber must be a symptom of recovery.

We were upon a rather narrow tongue of land, the two diverging forks of the stream closing us in. So, after a short conversation, we continued to ride straight forward, keeping rather close to the edge of the woods, so as to better conceal our passage. Our advance, while not rapid, was steady, and we must have covered several miles before the east began to show gray, the ghastly light of the new dawn revealing our tired faces. Ahead of us stretched an extensive swamp, with pools of stagnant water shimmering thru lush grass and brown fringes of cattails bordering their edges. Seemingly our further advance was stopped, nor could we determine the end of the morass confronting us. Some distance out in this desolation, and only half revealed thru the dim light, a somewhat higher bit of land, rocky on its exposed side, its crest crowned with trees, arose like an island. Tim stared across at it, shading his eyes with one hand.

"If we wus goin' ter stop enywhar, Cap," he said finally, "I reckon thar ain't no better place then thet, perviding' we git thar."

I followed his gaze, and noticed that the mulatto girl also lifted her head to look.

"We certainly must rest," I confessed. "Miss Beaucaire seems to be sleeping, but I am sure is thoroly exhausted. Do you see any way of getting across the swamp?"

He did not answer, but Elsie instantly pointed toward the left, crying out eagerly:

"Sure, Ah do. The lan' is higher 'long thar, sah—yer kin see shale rock."

"So you can; it almost looks like a dyke. Let's try it, Tim."

It was not exactly a pleasant passage, or a safe one, but the continual increase in light aided us in picking our way above the black water on either hand. I let my horse follow those in front as he pleased and held tightly to the bit of the one bearing Eloise. It had to be made in single file, and we encountered two serious breaches in the formation where the animals nearly lost their footing, the hind limbs of one, indeed, sliding into the muck, but finally reached the island end, clambering up thru a fissure in the rock and emerging upon the higher, dry ground. The island thus attained proved a small one, not exceeding a hundred yards wide, rather sparsely covered with forest trees, the space between these, thick with undergrowth. What first attracted my gaze after penetrating the tree fringe was the glimpse of a small shack, built of poles, and thatched with coarse grass, which stood nearly in the center of the island. It was a rudely constructed, primitive affair, and to all appearances deserted. My first thought was that we had stumbled upon some Indian hut, but I felt it safer to explore its interior before permitting the others to venture closer.

"Hold the horses here, Tim; let me see what we have ahead first."

I approached the place from the rear, peering in thru the narrow openings between the upright poles. The light was so poor I was not able to perceive much, but did succeed in fully convincing myself that the dismal shack was unoccupied. The door stood unlatched and I pushed it open. A single glance served to reveal everything the place contained. Without doubt it had been the late abode of Indians, who, in all probability had fled hastily to join Black Hawk in his foray up Rock River. There was no pretense at furniture of any description—

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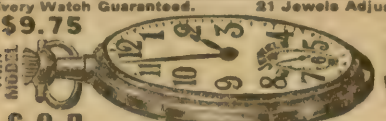

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nothing, indeed, but bare walls and trampled dirt floor, but what interested me most was a small bit of jerked deer meat which still hung against an upright and the rude stone fireplace in the center of the hut, with an opening above to carry away the smoke. I had found during the night a fair supply of hard bread in my saddlebag, and now, with this additional gift of Providence, felt assured, at least, of one sufficient meal. I stood there for perhaps a minute, staring wonderingly about the gloomy interior, but making no further discoveries, then I returned without and called to the others.

"It is all right, Tim, there is no one here. An old Indian camp, with nothing but a junk of jerked deer meat left behind. Elsie, gather up some of that old wood yonder and build a fire. Kennedy and I will look after Miss Beaucaire."

It was bright day by this time, the red of the rising sun in the sky, and I could trace the radius of swamp land stretching about us on every hand, a grim, desolate scene even in the beauty of that clear dawn. We had been fortunate enough to approach the spot along the only available pathway which led to this little oasis, and a more secure hiding place it would be difficult to find. The tree growth and heavy underbrush completely concealed the miserable shack from view in every direction, and what faint trail we had left behind us since we took to the water of the creek would be extremely hard to follow. I felt almost at ease for the present and satisfied to rest here for several hours.

Tim assisted me in unstrapping Eloise, and lifting her from the saddle, and, as she made no effort to help herself, the two of us carried her to a warm, sunny spot beside the wall of the hut. Her cramped limbs refused to support her body, and her eyes, then open, yet retained that vacant look so noticeable from the first. The only change was in the puzzled way with which she stared into our faces, as tho memory might be struggling back, and she was vaguely endeavoring to understand. Except for this pathetic look, she had never appeared more attractive to my eyes, with color in cheeks and lips. Her hood had fallen backward, revealing her glossy hair still smoothly brushed, while the brilliancy of the sunlight only made more manifest the delicate beauty of her features. Tim led the horses away and staked them out where they could crop the rich, dewy grass. After removing the saddles, he followed the mulatto girl into the hut, and I could hear the murmur of their voices. I endeavored to address Eloise, seeking thus to awaken her to some sense of my presence, but she merely smiled meaninglessly, leaned her head wearily back against the poles and closed her eyes.

It was a poor meal enough, altho it sufficed to dull hunger, and yield us some strength. Eloise succeeded in choking down a few morsels, but drank thirstily. It was pitiful to watch her, and to mark the constant effort she was making to force the return of memory. Her eyes, dull, uncomprehending, wandered continually from face to face in our little group, but no flash of intelligence lighted up their depths. I had Elsie bathe her face with water and while, no doubt, this refreshed her somewhat, she only rested her head back on my coat, which I had folded for a pillow, and again closed her heavy eyes. The negress appeared so tired I bade her lie down and sleep, and soon after Tim also disappeared. I remained there alone, guarding the woman I loved.

I myself had reason enough to be weary, yet was not conscious of the slightest desire to rest. My mind did not crave sleep. That Eloise had been drugged for a purpose was now beyond controversy, but what the nature of that drug might be, and how it could be combated, were beyond my power to determine. Even if I knew, the only remedies at hand were water and fresh air. And how were we to escape, burdened by this helpless girl, from pursuit, which, perhaps, had already started from Yellow Banks? At all hazards I must now prevent this dazed, stupefied woman from ever again falling into the power of Joe Kirby. That was the one fact I knew. I would rather kill her with my own hand, for I was convinced the fellow actually possessed a legal right, which I could not hope to overthrow. However it had been accomplished, thru what villainy, made no odds—she was his wife, and could only be released thru process of law. He could claim her, hold her in spite of me, in spite of herself. No influence I might bring to bear would save her now from this contamination. It would all be useless, a thing for laughter. Her signature—of which Kirby had boasted—and the certificate signed by the dead Gaskins, would offset any possible efforts I might put forth. There remained no hope except thru flight; outdistancing our pursuers; finding a route to safety thru the wilderness which they would never suspect.

WHERE could such a route be found? In which direction was it safest for us to turn? Surely not southward down the river seeking refuge at Fort Madison, nor in the opposite direction toward Fort Armstrong. I thought of both these, but only to dismiss them from consideration. Had it not been for this marriage, either might have answered, but now they would prove no protection. Those men whom we were seeking to escape would remember these points at once, and suspect our fleeing to either one or the other. There was no power there able to protect her from the lawful authority of a husband; nor could she deny that authority, if he held in his hands the proof. No, I must find an unknown path, an untraveled trail. Our only hope lay in baffling pursuit, in getting far beyond Kirby's grip. For the moment I felt reasonably safe where we were—but only for the moment. We could rest on this isolated island, barely lifting itself above the swamp, and plan our future, but within the limits of another day, probably, those fellows would discover signs of our passage, faint as they were, and follow us. I dragged the map out from its silk wrapping and spread it forth on the ground between my knees. It was the latest Government survey, given me when I first departed for the North, and I already knew every line and stream by heart. I bent over it in uncertainty, studying each feature, gradually determining the better course, weighing this consideration and that.

I became so interested in the problem as to entirely forget her presence, but, when I finally lifted my head, our eyes met, and I instantly read in the depths of hers the dawning of recognition. They were no longer dull, dead, emotionless, but aglow with returning life—puzzled, unassured, yet clearly conscious.

"Who are you?" she breathed incredulously, lifting herself upon one hand. "Oh, surely I know—Lieutenant Knox! Why where am I? What has happened? O God! you do not need to tell me that! But you; I cannot understand about you. They—they said you died."

"They must have said much to deceive you," and I bent forward to touch her hand. "See, I am very much alive. Let me tell you—that will be the quickest way to understand. In the first place, I did not drown when the boat was smashed, but was rendered lifeless and borne away on the water. I drifted thru the darkness out into the Mississippi, and later became caught on a snag in the middle of that stream. The Adventurer rescued me about daylight the next morning, and I was no sooner on board than I was told how the keelboat had been run down below on the river during the night and that your party had all been saved—two white men and two negress slaves. Of course, I knew you must be one of them."

"Then—then, we were actually together, on the same boat, all the way up here?"

"Yes; I tried hard to find where you were concealed on board, but failed. I might not have helped you, but I thought you would be glad to know I was alive. Kirby guarded you with great care from all observation. Do you know why?"

Her wide-opened eyes gazed into mine frankly, but her lips trembled.

"Yes," she answered, as tho forcing herself to speak. "I do know why. I thought I knew then, but was mistaken. I supposed it might be because I looked so little like a negress, but now I realize it was his own conscience. He knew I was a white woman; he had become convinced that I was Eloise Beaucaire. Did you know that, also?"

"I learned the truth on the boat, from the same source where Kirby obtained his information. Elsie Clark told me."

"Elsie Clark! Who is she? How did she know?"

"A free negress, who had been employed by Amos Shrunk. She was the other prisoner on the keelboat when you were captured, kept locked below in the cabin. Surely you knew there was another woman taken aboard the Adventurer?"

"Yes, but we never spoke; she was below, and they kept me on deck. How

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could she know who I was?"

"She did not. Only she was positive that you could not be Rene Beaucaire, because she knew that Rene, in company with her mother, had departd from Shrunk's cabin before those raiders came. The two had already started for Beardstown."

She sat upright, all lassitude gone from her body, leaning eagerly toward me, her eyes alight with interest.

"Gone! Rene escaped them!" she exclaimed, her voice choking. "Oh, tell me that again. Was the girl sure?"

"Quite sure; she had cooked them breakfast and talked with Rene afterwards. She saw and spoke with both the women before they left in a wagon. They were on the Underground, bound for Canada, and safety."

"Thank God! Oh, I thank God!" Her face sank until it was concealed within her hands. When it lifted again the eyes were brimming with tears.

"I am so glad—so glad," she said simply. "Now I am strong enough to hear the rest, Lieutenant Knox. You must tell me."

"There is not so much to tell, that I am cock-sure about." I began slowly. "Kirby had you securely hidden away somewhere on the second deck, while this Clark girl had been locked into a stateroom above. I possessed such a growth of beard and was altogether so disreputable-looking as to be mistaken for a roustabout by the boat's officers, who set me at work to earn my passage. In this way I managed to talk with Elsie, but failed to locate your quarters. The only glimpse I gained of you was when you were being taken ashore. Then I followed, and a little later succeeded in getting you out of Kirby's hands. That is about all."

"Oh, no, it is not—you—you came too late."

"Too late! Perhaps I may know what you mean."

"Do you? Surely not to blame me! I—I wish to tell you, Lieutenant Knox, but I scarcely know how. It is all so dim, indistinct in my own mind—and yet I remember. I am trying so hard to recall how it all happened, but nothing remains clear in my mind. Have I been drugged?"

"Without question. We have been riding all night and you were strapped to your horse. Probably you have no recollection of this?"

She shook her head in bewilderment, gazing about as tho noting the strange surroundings for the first time.

"No; the last I remember I was with Kirby and another man. He—he was dressed like a minister, but—but he was half drunk, and once he swore at me. The place where we were was a little shack in the side of a hill, with stone walls. Kirby took me there from the steamer, together with a man he called Rale—Jack Rale. They locked me in and left me alone until after dark. Then this other man, who dressed like a minister, came back with Kirby. They had food and something to drink with them, and lit a lamp, so that we could see. It was awfully dismal and dark in there." She pressed her hands to her head despairingly. "I can remember all this, but later it is not so clear; it fades out, like a dream."

"Try to tell me all you can," I urged. "They fed you?"

"Yes, I managed to eat a little, but I would not drink. They both became angry then and frightened me, but they did compel me to swallow some of the stuff. Then I became dazed and partially helpless. Oh, I cannot tell you; I do not really know myself—it seemed as tho I had to do just what they told me; I had no will of my own, no power of resistance."

"You were married to Kirby."

"O God!—was I? I wondered; I did not really know; truly I did not know. I seem to remember that I stood up, and then signed some paper, but nothing had any meaning to me. Is that true? Do you know that it is true?"

I grasped her hand and held it closely within my own.

"I am afraid it is true," I answered. "I know very little law, and it may be that such a ceremony is not legal. Yet I imagine those men were certain as to what they could do. Kirby had planned to marry you from the very first, as I explained to you before. He told me that on the Warrior the night your father died."

"Yes, you said so; but I did not quite understand—he planned then—why?"

"Because he had heard of your beauty and that you were rich. Were these not reasons enough? But, after he had mistaken you for Rene, the only possible way in which he could hope to gain you was by force. Jack Rale suggested that to him and how it could be done. The other man was a friend of Rale's, a renegade preacher named Gaskins; he is dead."

"Dead! Killed?"

"Yes; we brought you away after a fight with those fellows. We left Rale bound and Kirby unconscious."

"Unconscious, hurt—but not dead?"

"He had a bad gash in his skull, but was alive."

Kennedy, puffing happily upon a pipe, came loitering about the corner of the hut and approached us. Eloise staggered to her feet, shrinking back against the wall of the shack, her eyes on his face.

"That man here!" she cried in terror. "That man! Why, he was at Beaucaire! He is the one to whom I claimed to be Rene."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE CHOOSE OUR COURSE.

TIM grinned at me, but did not appear particularly flattered at his reception.

"Not quite so fast, young lady," he said, stuttering a bit and holding the pipe in his hand. "I reckon I wus thar all right, just as ye say, an' thet I did yer a mighty mean turn, but I ain't such a dern ornary cuss as ye think—am I, Cap?"

"No, you are not," I hastened to explain. "Miss Beaucaire does not understand, that is all. We have been talking together for some time, but I had forgotten to tell you that you were one of her rescuers. Kennedy here, merely supposed he was doing his duty, until he learned what Kirby contemplated. Then he refused to have any hand in it and the two quarreled. Shall I relate that part of the story?"

Her eyes softened, her lips almost smiling.

"Yes," she said. "I am glad to know; tell me all."

I described Tim's part in the whole tragedy swiftly, while he shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other and occasionally interjected some comment or correction. He was not wholly at ease in the role of hero, nor under the steadfast gaze of her eyes. As I stopped speaking she held out her hand frankly.

"Then I shall count you my friend now," she said simply. "And I am so delighted to understand everything. There are four of us here, counting the mulatto girl, and we are in hiding not far from Yellow Banks. You both think that Kirby and Rale must be hunting us, already?"

"Probably; they are very certain not to be very far away. I was planning our course when I glanced up and caught your eyes watching me——"

"And I—I thought I saw a ghost," she interrupted. "And then, when you actually spoke, I—was so glad."

Tim's eyes fell upon the map, lying outspread on the ground.

"An' whut did ye think wus best, Cap?" he inquired gravely. "'Tain't likely we got all summer ter sit 'round yere an' talk in. I reckon we done rested 'bout long 'nough. 'Taint such a bad place, but my notion is, we ought ter be joggin' 'long."

"Mine also. Come over here, both of you, and I'll give you my idea. I figured our chances in this way."

In a few words I explained my choice of route, pointing it out on the map and telling them briefly why I was afraid to seek refuge either at Fort Madison or Fort Armstrong, or, indeed, at any of the nearer settlements. Eloise said nothing; her gaze rising from the map to our faces as we decided the question, for Tim spoke his mind freely, his stubbly forefinger tracing the course I had indicated.

"Thar's a trail south o' yere thet leads ter a town called Ottaway, an 'thar's another trail north o' yere—Injun, I reckon—whut runs straight east. Whar we are is plum in atween the two ov 'em, but it looks like it might be gud travelin'. Enyhow, thar ain't no rivers er nuthin', so fer as I see. What's this Ottaway, enyhow?"

"There is a small settlement there and a blockhouse. Possibly there are other settlements between here and there, not on the map."

"How fer do yer make it—frum this place ter thar?"

"Well, here is probably the stream we waded up last night—see. I should say we must be about where I make this mark. To Ottawa? I will make a guess that it is a bit over a hundred miles, and from there to Chicago sixty or seventy more. Those last would be over a good trail."

"An' whar do yer reckon are them Injuns—the hostile ones; this yere bunch o' Black Hawks?"

"Somewhere up Rock River, or along the Green Valley. I'll point it out to you—see; there is where Black Hawk and his village and his hunters ranged all over this country, down as far as the Illinois. Of course, I cannot tell where they are now, for that depends on how far the soldiers have driven them, but it would be my guess they will be somewhere in here—between Prophetstown and the Winnebago Swamp."

"Let's see; thet ain't so dern fer away, either. I reckon this yere course ye've just picked out wudn't take us mor'n twenty mile er so away. 'Spose we'd run inter a raidin' party o' them red bucks. I ain't got much hair, but I kin use whut I hav' got."

"I am not sure, Tim, but I would even prefer that to being overtaken by Joe Kirby and the gang he'll probably have with him," I retorted, my gaze on the questioning face of the girl. "However, there is little chance of our encountering such a party. The soldiers are all coming up from the south and are bound to force Black Hawk's warriors to the

(Continued on Page 17.)

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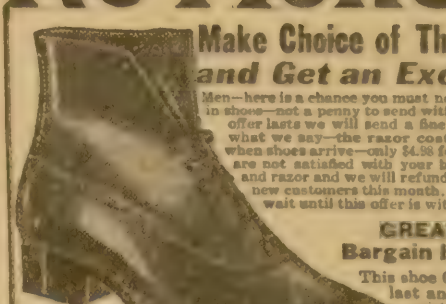


Men—here is a chance you must not let slip. Biggest bargains in shoes—not a penny to send with your order, and if you act quick while this offer lasts we will send a fine razor (worth $2) FREE. We mean exactly what we say—the razor costs you nothing. Send with the shoes. Pay when shoes arrive—only $4.98 for shoes—nothing to pay for the razor. If you are not satisfied with your bargain after examination just return shoes and razor and we will refund your money. This offer made to bring 10,000 new customers this month. Get your order in now—right away. Don't wait until this offer is withdrawn.

Be Sure to Give Your Size

Special Dress Shoes

The illustration above shows you the smart, classy style, and indicates the remarkable built-in wearing qualities of these shoes. Made of selected leather over an extremely popular toe last; lace style. Leather soles and low broad walking heels of sturdiest construction. If not a wonderful bargain and satisfactory in every way, return them to us and we will promptly refund your money. Sizes 6 to 11. Black only. Order by No. 512. Price $4.98. Give size.

GREAT Bargain in Work Shoes

This shoe (shown at right) is built on lace Blucher last and made to stand hardest wear and to resist wetting. It is drill lined; has leather insoles; guaranteed counters; two full solid leather soles—doweled, nailed, sewed—running, through to the solid, strong heels. Color tan. Built for a sturdy work shoe, yet very dressy in appearance. Send on approval. Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. 700. Price $4.98. Give us your size in ordering shoes.

Be Sure to Send the COUPON

RAZOR FREE

Packed in a Neat Case

Now is the time for action. This is a special offer, and you don't want to miss it. No money now—just the coupon brings you shoes and free razor. Remember, you can return the shoes and razor if not satisfied with your bargain. You are the judge and you wait until shoes come before deciding. Send the coupon now.

This offer is simply sensational—it seems impossible—but it is genuine. Not a cent do you pay for the razor. You get it free—sent right along with the shoes. Think of getting FREE a razor you would pay $2 for at stores—splendid steel, finely tempered, hollow ground, perfectly balanced. It's yours without a cent if you order the shoes while the offer lasts. Don't put this off. Send today.

Big 4 Co. 112-118 N. MAY ST. Dept. 5054 Chicago

BIG 4 CO. 112-118 N. May Street Dept. 5054 **Chicago**

Send the shoes marked X in ☐ below and the free razor. I will pay $4.98 for shoes on arrival. The razor to be free. It is understood that if I am not satisfied upon examination, I can return the shoes and razor and you refund my money.

☐ No. 700 Work ☐ No. 512 Dress Size.....

Name.....

Address.....

BRAND NEW FORD TOURING CAR GIVEN

14	5	23	3	1
18	6	18	5	5

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. WIN FINE PRIZE

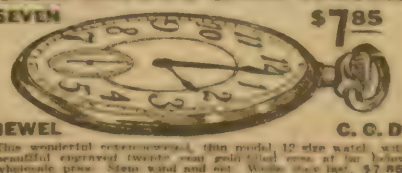
The figures in the squares represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. Send the three words on a slip of paper with your name and address quick if you want to win. I have given away many Autos and scores of other prizes. My plan is so simple it is easy to win prizes and cash rewards.

Thousands of Dollars in Other Grand Prizes and Cash Rewards

Besides the New Ford Car I am going to give away Superb Cabinet Phonograph, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Kodaks, Traveling Bag, Chest of Silverware, Dinner Set and Cash Rewards. No experience is required. You don't put up a penny or do any hard work. Just an opportunity to realize your ambition to have an Automobile all your own and a chance to get it in the easiest way imaginable. Don't let anyone in your neighborhood beat you to it. The quicker you act, the bigger your winnings. Send me your answer to the puzzle with your name and address, without delay. DUANE W. GAYLORD, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 15, CHICAGO, ILL.

Guaranteed Gold Watch

SEVEN $7.85



JEWEL C. O. D.

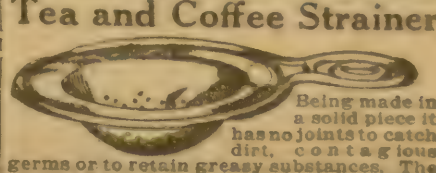
This wonderful seven-jewel, thin model, 12 size watch, with beautiful engraved twenty-year gold filled case, at far below wholesale price. Stem wind and set. Warranted 25 years. $7.85, C. O. D. No money asked. Use the coupon or write for watch circular.

Fully Guaranteed to run and keep good time. Send you on 7 days' trial. Write name and address plainly.

A High Grade, Gold Filled Chain, $1.75.

Empire Watch Co., Leo Bldg., Dept. 5B, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.

W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

The Legend of the Ten Hypocrites

By Charles Fulton Oursler

WHEN Jeremiah Buffum came back to Hopkinsville, after a trip in foreign parts, he brought with him ten mummies.

There were astute citizens of Hopkinsville who regarded these anhydrous, arescent relics with deep suspicion. They knew Jeremiah's business and they knew Jeremiah.

Jeremiah was in the ukulele business. His factory was in Hopkinsville; the wood from which the brown little thrum-te-tums were turned grew in the forests of that grand old State of New Hampshire, and the wires were made in Pittsburgh. Jeremiah took the rough elements of strings and wood and in his one-story factory evolved the ukuleles. Then, to secure local color, he shipped them to Hawaii, where the natives on Waikaki beach wondered what on earth they were. In another month or so they came back to Jeremiah with a hula-hula flavor that sold them up and down this sophisticated land.

Not many people knew this, but the certain astute citizens of Hopkinsville were fully informed. In consequence, they were abysmally mistrustful when they learned, after some sharp detective work on the part of the curious station agent, that there were mummies in the big crates on the red-painted platform. Jeremiah only looked soulful and mysterious when questioned about it. The inhabitants of Hopkinsville were certain of one of two things—either there were not genuine mummies in the packing cases, or else Jeremiah had some deep money-making design upon them.

But that was as far as the inhabitants ever got to knowing the amazing truth. The days and months went on; the ten packing cases, after weltering in the hot New England sun and being drenched in the soulless Down East rain, were finally removed. They were shipped to Bangor. From that time on, nobody in Hopkinsville ever heard of them again.

Now, I was with Jeremiah Buffum in Egypt. I know all about those ten mummies, and I purpose to tell all that I know, here and now. The silence so often and so earnestly enjoined on me by Jeremiah Buffum from that never-to-be-forgotten morning on the desert east of Cairo, until our parting at the New York dock, is now to be broken. Believing his protestations about abominating publicity and the limelight of notoriety, I held back the story. But no more.

Irrefutable evidence has driven me to this step. When I learned absolutely that Jeremiah Buffum had, in spite of all that we learned from the old man with the two noses, violated the sanctity of those vitrified "tenements of clay"—then, without more ado, I resolved to out with it.

I met Jeremiah in Cairo—in the Musky, in old Cairo, to be exact, where there are the real bazars, and the real rug merchants, and where story-men still relate the Arabian Nights to fascinated natives, gathered in wide circles in the cafes. One glance at Jeremiah's pudgy figure, his round owlish eyes and puffy red face told me much. I saw him wave a fat, red hand at a veiled creature, and I understood much more.

"That fellow," I told myself confidently, "is a New England deacon, who thinks he's having a devil of a time. At some reckless period in his career, I'll bet he was at a carnival show and paid ten cents to go in the 'Streets of Cairo' tent. He's never gotten over the hoochie-koochie women he saw there. He's over here now, looking for the real thing!"

Which, as you shall see, was only half the truth. Jeremiah was flirting—but that was not the great urge which sent him from Hopkinsville to Cairo. That purpose I myself did not fully understand until this morning. As delicately as I could, now, I hailed him and explained some of the rudimentary ideas of barbaric chivalry. He smiled a little pathetically, agreed to desist and proposed walking back to the hotel with me.

"Do you know where I can buy, steal or beg any mummies?" he asked me abruptly, on the way.

I told him they were now very difficult to secure: he assured me he had already found that out—"but, gosh, I've got to get 'em!" he wound up. But when I asked him gently what he would do with the mummies after he got hold of them, he set his fat, red little head to one side, cocked his eye knowingly, winked, and chuckled, and said it was a nice day if it didn't rain.

Our acquaintance thus began, continued thru various trips to famous spots, and came to the altogether astounding climax of the mummies a few days before I had planned to leave Cairo. Some of the old-timers at our hotel had been telling us of the legend of the City of the Burnished Gold—a mythological metropolis, believed by many superstitious natives to exist out on the desert—an ancient place, made of gold that glistens so that it can be seen for miles in the glow of the evening sun.

An Englishman in the party volunteered the information that on the desert to the east of us there was an ancient Sun Temple which could be seen for miles in the sun, and which some people believed had given rise to the legend.

"It is rarely visited by tourists, you see," he concluded, "because it is a wearying journey to get to it, and savage bandits roam near it. In fact, old fellow, it has even been hinted to me that this crumbling cathedral of the pagans was used as a treasure chest by the robbers."

"Any mummies there?" put in Jeremiah anxiously.

Quite to our surprise, the Englishman said he wouldn't be at all surprised if there were; it was seldom visited, and mummies were often found in such places.

Excitedly, deliriously, Jeremiah proposed to me that we go. It was not hard to persuade. My own interest in the place sprang entirely from my love of adventure and my passion for the old and the picturesque.

On the 17th of September Jeremiah Buffum and I mounted camels. We were accompanied by no one except a surly, sullen guide, who had been induced to go with us only by enormous bribes. Our destination lay three hours' jogging from Cairo, a wearying prospect, which the evident timidity of our guide did little to soothe. He was afraid the bandits would cut off his head and eat it.

BUT we encountered no thieves thruout those dreadful, hot three hours. On the horizon, long before we reached it, we could see the temple, magnificently preserved, its pillars gleaming against the desert sand. It was like a hymn of praise to the Sun God raised by the wilderness. As we approached near to it, I made out that it was built much after the style of the Temple of Ceres at Paestum, except that its columns were not so tall, and the front approach was wider and much more magnificent. Of course, the roof had fallen in long before. It was simply a shell of marble shafts, with a portion of the front of the roof poised perilously over the entrance. Piled about it in picturesque profusion were great blocks that once were part of the roof and walls—it looked as if children of the giants had torn down the house and tossed the blocks like toys.

"Gosh! It looks like the Bangor Bank broke up!" ejaculated Jeremiah.

Our guide would not mount the steps, so, securing the camels close by, we made our way cautiously up the steps. Hot tho it was, and for all my weariness, I enjoyed the place. My own love for this gloried land with its marvelous history made this old temple very appealing. What priests, I asked myself, had swung their smoking censers over these stones where now with big and profane feet trod Jeremiah Buffum? His feet were big; I was sure of it. I turned to confirm my belief—and he had disappeared.

If one of those mighty monoliths had opened itself, and taken him in and closed again, he could not have gone more utterly, more completely. Jeremiah Buffum had vanished. He was gone. There was his camel, rubbing its nose against my camel. There was the temple, the stones, the sky and the desert—but Jeremiah Buffum had vanished.

I stood as straight, as rigid, as silent as one of those pillars of stone, such was my dismay. And then, to my ears, came a slight, distant sound—like a wail.

It was Jeremiah; I was sure of that. It was Jeremiah Buffum in distress, but where?

Repeatedly I heard him calling to me for help.

"Get me out! Help! This is an awful place! Quick! Help! Get me out!"

Thus called Buffum, wherever he was, and meanwhile I was trying to find him. And presently I came upon the truth.

Jeremiah had put his foot on some hinge, or spring belt, or some sort of mechanical contrivance of ancient cleverness, that held in place one of the flagstones, which wasn't a flagstone at all, but a trapdoor. As was natural under the circumstances, Jeremiah had gone on down. He was at the bottom of a big black hole, immediately behind one of the big marble shafts.

I ventured as near the hole in the floor as I dared and peered over.

Beneath me was darkness, with a musty, cellar-like smell fuming up at my nose insultingly. Mingled with this smell was another—an aroma, dimly reminiscent of museums and that brought back into my head stories of the days before the Jewish captivity, of Ptolemies and Pharaohs and of many legends of the Nile.

"Are you hurt, Buffum?" I inquired.

"I don't know, but my God I'm scared!" he groaned back. "Get me out of here; please, get me out of here!"

I assured him I would do my best and my voice must have expressed my confidence for a plan had already entered my mind. Going back to our camels I jerked the nose reins from them, quickly knotted them firmly together and carried the line back to the hole in the floor.

"I am going to drop these reins down to you, Buffum," I called. "Catch hold, and don't let go, and I'll pull you out."

My strength was quite equal to the task. Buffum grabbed those reins and held on like a drowning man, and I started to pull him up. Of a sudden, however, there was a sudden and unaccountable jerk on the line as if I had caught something. It grew into a steady pull I could not resist. I slipped to the brink; I tried to catch myself, I missed, I went over and pitched forward into the gloom.

I fell on top of Jeremiah Buffum, eleven feet under the floor of the Sun Temple.

Between grunts and groans Jeremiah cursed me for seven kinds of a fool as we got straight on our feet again. He threw the reins repeatedly up against the square of light, high over our heads, with some hazy idea, I suppose, of lassoing a monolith and climbing out that way.

For myself, I did not appreciate the real danger of our situation in the keen pleasure, the romance, the adventure of our predicament. Undoubtedly we were in one of the secret corridors of the Heliopilus; no one could tell what new marvel might confront us at any moment.

"Look here, Buffum!" I exclaimed. "There's some other way out of here. There must be. Let's go exploring and see what we can find."

Jeremiah had no time to answer.

"That is quite unnecessary, gentlemen. I will conduct you!"

OUT of the black shadows behind us had come the sudden, sepulchral voice. It was a voice with a ghostlike melancholy and gloom about it I disold man, with long and tangled beard. sought mine.

"Who in the world are you?" I managed to quaver.

My eyes were searching the darkness, and now, having grown more accustomed to the place, they made out a singular figure standing close to us. It was an old man, with long and tangled bard. He was attired in a very tight pair of trousers, a short-waisted, exceedingly old-fashioned coat, a flowing tie and a hat the like of which I had seen my father wear when I was a boy. He carried a walking-stick.

"I have waited so long for some one to come!" he croaked gleefully. "I'm so glad to have company now!"

Determined to make the best of the fantastic situation in which I found myself, I walked up to the patriarchal stranger, prepared to offer my hand, but one look at his face halted me with a surprise.

The old fellow had two noses, one nostril for each, and one turned to each cheek. He saw and understood my expression.

"From the fall!" he explained dismally. "Thirty years ago I fell down that hole. I've never been able to get out. I am a Yale graduate; I am from Illinois. I broke my nose when I fell down that hole; it must look pretty bad, the way you look at it. I've never seen it. No. I'm from Illinois. I've found lots of things down in this place, but no mirrors yet."

I couldn't talk to him then. I wondered if Jeremiah and I were doomed to keep him company for another thirty

(Continued on Page 16.)

Sketched for the Ledger from life

A Story By

OPIE READ

HIMSELF

In the next Ledger.

Jiffy-Jell
Real-Fruit Desserts

Flavored with Condensed Fruit Juice in Bottles

You Get Eight Fruits

Real fruits condensed in bottles—in Jiffy-Jell Desserts

A bottle in each package

Think what Jiffy-Jell means to you in these winter months. There is nothing like it.

It brings to your table real-fruit desserts, rich in fruit essence—not a mere fruit taste. Each package contains a bottle of condensed fruit juice.

We crush the fruit where it grows, condense it and seal it. Thus we bring you much fruit for a trifle. For instance, we crush half a pineapple—in Hawaii—to make the flavor for one Jiffy-Jell dessert.

Eight fruits are placed at your constant call. Not flavors, but the real fruit essence, healthful and delightful—the fruit that all folks daily need. And they come in the queen of all desserts.

2½c per serving

A package of Jiffy-Jell serves six people in mold form, or 12 if you whip the jell. All for 15 cents. The fruit alone might cost as much as that.

Jiffy-Jell comes ready-sweetened. It comes acidulated with lemon or grape acid. Simply add boiling water, as directed on package, then the fruit essence from the vial, and let cool.

Made with Style—H Mold

Thrice a week

Jiffy-Jell should be served in winter at least three times weekly. The ten flavors offer variety. No other form of quick gelatine dessert offers you bottled fruits.

Millions now enoy it. It has changed their whole conception of these fruity dainties. Compare it with the old kinds and you'll adopt it too.

Use lime-fruit flavor to make tart green salad jell. Serve with the salad or make a salad loaf. Or mix in meat left-overs for a meat loaf.

Use Mint Jiffy-Jell to serve with roast meats, hot or cold.

For desserts, try Pineapple and Loganberry—two of our best.

10 Flavors in Glass Vials
Mint Lemon
Lime Cherry
Orange Coffee
Strawbrrey
Raspberry
Pineapple
Loganberry
A bottle in each package

A new, exquisite pattern of Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate, guaranteed 20 years. No advertising on spoons.

Jiffy-Cup

Dessert Molds Assorted Styles

Gifts

To Jiffy-Jell Users

Send us the Ⓙ trade-marks in the circle on the fronts of your Jiffy-Jell packages. We will supply you ways to serve Jiffy-Jell attractively.

Individual Dessert Molds

Aluminum molds in sets of six, assorted styles. Send six Ⓙ trade-marks for the set of six.

Pint Molds

All in aluminum—value 60 cents each.

Style—B—Heart-shaped.
Style—C—Fluted Mold.
Style—D—Salad Mold.
Style—E—Pinnacle Mold.
Style—H—Star-shaped

Send six Ⓙ trade-marks for any pint mold

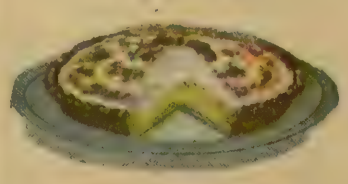
Jiffy-Cup

A half-pint aluminum cup to measure water for dissolving Jiffy-Jell. Send 2 Ⓙ trade-marks for it.

Dessert Spoons

Send 2 Ⓙ trade-marks for the first Wm. Rogers spoon, plus 10 cents for postage and packing. We will then offer balance of a set.

Jiffy-Pie



Another Jiffy Dessert
Made With Real Fruit

One Pie Free—Jiffy Lemon Pie

Jiffy Lemon Pie also comes in a package. All ingredients—sugar, egg yolk, powdered milk, corn starch and tapioca. The lemon essence—derived from lemon peel—comes in liquid form in a bottle.

Simply add water, cook the mixture a little, and you get a real lemon pie filler, as good as the best cooks make. Send us two Ⓙ trade-marks from Jiffy-Jell and we will mail you a full-size package—enough for one large pie. Address Jiffy Dessert Company, Waukesha, Wis.

Check Gifts
Pint Molds
....Style—B
....Style—C
....Style—D
....Style—E
....Style—H
....Set of Six Individual Molds
....Jiffy-Cup
....Spoon

627 Blade and Ledger

Jiffy Dessert Co. **MAIL THIS**
Waukesha, Wis.

Enclosed find .... Ⓙ trade-marks, for which send the gifts I check at side.

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$14.95

Men- Young Men—Boys

Here is the biggest overcoat bargain ever placed within your reach. A better, nicer, warmer overcoat for you this year, and only one-third the price you figured on paying. That's what this amazing offer means to you.

Yes, these are genuine all-wool army overcoats with high storm-proof collars, converted into snappy, up-to-the-minute civilian styles, dyed a guaranteed fast blue or black color.

We purchased 10,000 of these overcoats from the United States Government. Everyone of them are made under government supervision. Average weight, nine pounds, and remember they are all wool. Illustration of the coat hereis reproduced from a photograph. Compared to what other heavy ulster coats are selling for, these coats are positively worth three times the price we are asking. Send your order for the size you want right away and remember you risk nothing, for any money paid us will positively be returned to you immediately if you are in any way dissatisfied.

Mothers-Save Money

Save money. Get one of these overcoats for your boy. What excuse can you possibly have to pay $25.00 or $35.00 for a boy's coat when you can get one of these all-wool, heavy overcoats we offer here at one half the price. And they are warmer, heavier, and better all around. We can fit any boy from fourteen years old up. Your boy will appreciate a big, warm, high collared overcoat like this, and you will appreciate the money you can save by buying one.

SEND NO MONEY!

Don't send a cent of money with your order. Not a penny. We shoulder the risk. Simply send your order on the coupon below and make sure to mention the size you want and color. We will ship by Parcel Post at once, and remember we can fit all sizes from a fourteen-year-old boy to a forty man's size. You may think it is necessary to pay $40.00 to $50.00 for an overcoat. As soon as you see one of these overcoats at $14.95 you will think different. It is a simple matter to save $20.00 to $25.00. Prove this yourself by sending your order today.

—B. & K. PRODUCTS CO.—

3746 Cottage Grove Ave., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once heavy overcoat of size and color marked below. I will pay the postman $14.95 on delivery. If I am not pleased, and sure it is the most wonderful overcoat bargain I ever saw, I will return it to you and you will refund my money in full, at once.

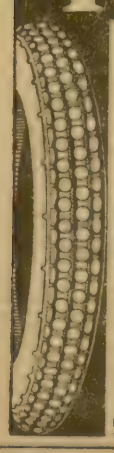
Size _____ *Color* _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

FREE
PUNCTURE PROOF TUBE



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This fresh rubber Puncture Proof tube FREE with each tire ordered, for limited time only. Tires virtually new—guaranteed 6000 miles—not rebuilt or double tread—only slightly used on demonstration cars. Customers get up to 10,000 miles.

Special Price Reduction

Price includes tire and tube

30x3	$7.50	34x4	$12.50
30x3½	8.45	34x4½	13.00
32x3½	9.50	35x4½	13.75
31x4	10.15	36x4½	14.75
32x4	10.75	35x5	14.90
33x4	11.60	37x5	15.90

Money back if not satisfied. Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. after examination. 5% special discount if full amount accompanies order. State whether S. S. Cl. plain tread or non-skid is desired. MAIL ORDER NOW—WE SHIP AT ONCE.

GUARANTEE TIRE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY
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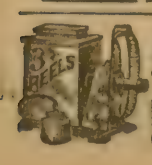

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at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (96 views). Powerful, flickerless, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 24 large colored pictures or 24 packages beautiful postcards at 10c each. Order choice today.

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 445 CHICAGO

The Legend of the Ten Hypocrites

(Continued From Page 14)

years. It made me dizzy just to look at him.

"Say!" cluttered in Jeremiah fearfully. "What do you get to eat down here?"

"Lizards! Lizards and snails, and a few frogs on Sundays. I've kept track of the time since I've been down here—every day. This is the 17th of September and a Wednesday, isn't it? Eh?"

Buffum gulped, and I groaned inwardly, but th old man went on:

"I was a Yale graduate and a tourist, I tell you. I'm from Illinois. I fell down that hole. There's no way to get out of here. No way at all. I spent twenty years looking. The last ten years I've gotten kind of resigned to it. You gentlemen will have to stay. There's lizards and snails enough down here to feed an army, but the frogs are mine. I'm going to show you around in a minute. I certainly was glad when I saw you fall thru there like I did. When the thin fellow tried to pull you out I pulled you both down again. Come on, now, and let me show you around!"

In utter silence we followed him. What else was there to do? Dazed at the enormity of our misfortune, we let him lead us down the long, damp corridor until we came to a wide door. It opened into a majestic hall, of heroic dimensions, in the center of which was a most astounding arrangement.

On the floor, in a large semi-circle, were ten marble slabs. On each slab was a mummy case, magnificently inlaid and decorated, and the air was heavy with the perfume of spices, and the low, penetrating odor of that secret fluid of the ancients which held the bodies of their dead intact against all time, and which itself holds its odor against the stenches and sweet smells of ages.

"Be seated, gentlemen!" urged our ancient friend. "On the floor. There are no chairs down here. Be seated and behold! Here are the mortal remains, the mummies, gentlemen, of the ten nobles of Sarat!"

AT THE mention of the word mummies I saw a feeble flutter of Jeremiah's eyelids—but that was all. Whatever had been his purpose, it was now forgotten.

"The ten nobles of Sarat!" repeated the old man. "In the last thirty years I have put my knowledge of hieroglyphics to good purpose. I have read the inscriptions on these mummy cases, and I will tell you the strange story there recorded. After you know all about that; when you know all the secrets of this place, we can have dinner.

Dinner! Lizards!

"From what I can gather," confided the old man softly, as if he were afraid the sleeping ten would overhear him, "these fellows lived about twenty-five hundred years ago. Just about. I believe I can almost reproduce the language of these inscriptions. They say these fellows were the ten biggest hypocrites who ever lived. They were the nobles of the court of Ep To Bah, the third ruler of the third dynasty in the land of Sarat, now this desert. Now, Ep To Bah was a man schooled in the Heliopolitan philosophy, a righteous man after the manner of his religion, who viewed with severe distress the unholiness into which his frivolous, lustful, avaricious subjects were plunged. He spent his days and nights in meditation, and finally inspiration illuminated his thoughts; he got an idea, as we used to say in the States.

"To his court Ep To Bah called these ten nobles: Osophilus the Stout; Leophilus the Lean, and their eight comrades, under whose leadership marched the ten legions of the land of Sarat. He confided to them his grief because the ten ancient laws laid down for the obedience of the worshipers of the sun were come into disrepute. And, my friends, he confided to them his scheme.

"In brief it was this: He wished each of his ten nobles—whose mummies are here with us now, after all these centuries—to select one of the ancint laws and especially exemplify it. He wanted each one to obey all the laws, of course—you quite understand that—but he desired one to be noted for this, another for that, and so on, that a living example and inspiration for each great law of the sun worshipers would be before the minds of his people. To their own agreement—unwise man—he left the choice of the laws!

"The ten nobles went into conference, a conference which lasted long. At the end of the time they emerged from the royal council chamber, where they had been locked up like a jury, with happy, but sleepy faces. Osophilus the Stout was the first to speak. He told King Ep To Bah the selections had all been agreeably made. He—Osophilus the Stout—had elected to be the most unflirtatious of all men. The young bucks of the land of Sarat would see in him a constant exhortation against the wild women. Leophilus the Lean announced he had taken for his law the one which required a son to maintain as magnificent a household for his parents as his purse would permit. Muhah the Morose promised never to gamble; and the rest of them, one by one, told the delighted king the law which he would seek to uphold.

"Much happy, Ep To Bah bade them to depart, with the injunction that they return at the end of the year and relate in council how their plan was working. But—here, my friends, is the sad part of the story—hardly a month passed, and word of the king's new organization spread thru the land of Sarat, but strange, disturbing rumors reached the ears of the king. At first he sneered at them; then he rubbed his fingers together, as did all th Saratite monarchs when peeved, and again he ruminated.

"And again inspiration came to him. He summoned old Sherlockus the Homely, sleuth of Saratites. Bulbul Sherlockus he sent forth to find out what was wrong.

"Now, Bulbul was efficient. In a day he was back with a strange light in his beady little eyes and triumph in his nostrils.

"Bring those nobles in here!' is all that the hieroglyphics report him as remarking.

"Arranged in a line, just as you see their mummies now before you, they stood in front of the throne of Ep To Bah, where the curious king waited impatiently to hear what fell from the lips of Bulbul Sherlockus. He did not wait long.

"'Behold a clique of hypocrites!' announced the sleuth in a low, accusing tone. 'Let me be brief, O king! These men have committed no offense against the letter of your commands, sir. Their scheme has the diabolical ingenuity of the tribes beyond the desert, O King! Behold them; survey them, one by one. Look at Muhah the Morose! You heard him swear he would never gamble! Gamble? Not he, O King! He is the worst miser in the whole land of Sarat; he hoards every shekel that comes to his fingers. Gamble? Ho! Ho! O King!

"'And gaze upon the tall, angular person beside him, Leophilus the Lean! O King! He promised, and you heard him, to exemplify the law which requires children to care for the welfare of their parents. Sire, he has no parents. They are deader than the Dead Sea, O King!

"'And focus, naw, O King, on the short, oleaginous noble, Osophilus the Stout! His was a brave, worthy choice. He would be so unflirtatious. He would never philander with the wild, wild women! But, O, King! He's a eunuch'!"

We were never to learn the extent of the deception of the remaining seven mummies. At this interesting point in the old man's narrative we were interrupted by a great hallooing and shouting, coming, it seemed, from the hole down which we had tumbled. With precipitous haste we scrambled up from our postures on the floor and looked up inquiringly at the opening.

And there, looking down at us, was our guide, squawking out a welcome stream of unintelligible Cairo gibberish. He had missed us; he had found us, and now he had found, of all impossible things, a primitive ladder among the ruins. Very gently he lowered it down, and when it reached the bottom Jeremiah gave me a push that almost sent me sprawling as he struggled to be the first up the ladder.

I looked back. Our host—always I think of him as the man with the two noses and the old-fashioned clothes—was at the bottom of the ladder.

"Aren't you coming with us?" I asked.

But he shook his head mysteriously.

"If you wouldn't mind the ladder—leaving it there—I would appreciate it," he croaked. "But just now—I couldn't leave just now."

Glad enough to be free, I stepped out. But no sooner was I out than Jeremiah, beseeching me not to go away, bounced down the ladder again, and he was deep in conversation with the old man for five minutes or more. Then he came out again, with elation plain in his eyes. We left the old man his ladder, returned to our camels and began the long journey back to Cairo.

I HAD no idea then of the sinister projects already formed in the kennels of Jeremiah Buffum's mind. For by own part my thoughts were concerned mostly with the sad fate of the man with the two noses who lived in the temple cellar, principally on lizards. I resolved to get him away from there.

What was my surprise, then, the next morning, to see the old fellow in company with Jeremiah Buffum on our hotel piazza. They were deep in conference. I did not intrude. Jeremiah came running up to me and burst out in a whisper:

"I've arranged to get those mummies with him. Know why he wouldn't come with us yesterday? His pants are worn out in the back and he was ashamed to come out. Yep! Walked clear across the desert in the moonlight

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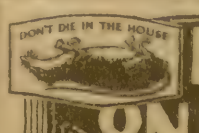

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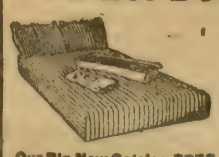

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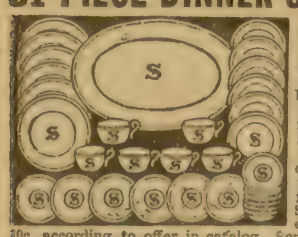

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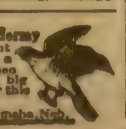

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last night. Yep! Oh, I'm going to take care of him, all right."

An hour or so later it chanced that I saw the old man with the two noses, with a new suit of clothes covering his old bones, boarding a train for Alexandria. I have never looked on him again. He is probably a food economy expert now.

But Jeremiah! He had turned a pretty trick. He secured those mummies, after a little difficulty with the government, and had them boxed and crated and shipped to Hopkinsville, where he kept them until all his other arrangements were completed.

For what purpose, indeed? Stimulated by what had happened, I began to study the subject of mummies. I found that, under certain processes, these sad relics of human glory could be resolved back to elemental fluids, one drop of which, added to a hogshead of water, gave it a greenish tinge and a medicinal value.

Here Jeremiah had ten mummies, enough to dope the world with his stuff. I began to suspect the man who makes ukuleles and exports them to Hawaii for local color. I looked him up in the commercial agencies and found he was the principal stockholder in the new Egyptian Balsam Corporation, manufacturing the most popular patent medicine the country ever swallowed.

All America drinking the distilled perfidy of the land of Sarat—it was too much! I had to tell it!

The Devil's Own

(Continued From Page 13)

other bank of the Rock. There will be nothing but barren country east of here. What do you say, Eloise?"

Her eyes met mine bravely, without a shadow of doubt in them.

"I shall go wherever you say," she replied firmly, "I believe you will know best."

"Then I decide on this route. Once we get beyond the swamp, those fellows are going to have a hard task following us, unless they have an Indian trailer along with them. We have been here several hours; the horses must be rested. Let's eat what we can again and then start. We must find a way out of this labyrinth while we have daylight."

Kennedy stood up and stared about us at the desolate scene, the expression of his face proving his dissatisfaction with the prospect.

"O' course, I'm a goin' 'long with yer, Cap," he acknowledged, dryly. "I never wus no quitter, but this yere trip don't look so d—d easy ter me, fer all thet. Howsumever I reckon we'll pull thru somehow, an fut, er hossback. I'll wake up thet Clark gurl an' then saddle the hosses."

I watched him around the corner of the cabin, not wholly at ease in my own mind, then gathered up the map and replaced it in my pocket, aware that Eloise had not moved from her position on the grass.

"Is he right?" she questioned, looking up at me. "Is there any real danger of Indians?"

"Some, perhaps; it is all Indian country, north and east of here—or has been. I am not denying that, but this danger does not compare, in my mind, with the peril which confronts us in every other direction. I am trying to choose the least. Our greatest difficulty will be the lack of food—we possess no guns with which to kill game, only pistols, and an exceedingly small stock of ammunition. That is what troubles Tim; that, and his eagerness to get back down the river. He fails to realize what it would mean to you to fall again into Kirby's hands."

"Do you realize?"

"Do I? It is the one memory which controls me. Tell me, am I not right? No, not about the route, but about the man. You despise the fellow; you are willing to face any hardship so as to escape him?"

"I would rather die than have him touch me. I never knew the meaning of hate before. Surely you cannot deem it possible that I could ever forgive?"

"No; that would be hard to conceive; and yet, I wished to hear the words from your own lips. Will you answer me one thing more—why did you first assume the character of Rene, and why did you repose such instant trust in me?"

She smiled rather wistfully, her long lashes concealing her eyes.

"I think I myself hardly knew," she admitted timidly. "It all happened, was born of impulse, rather than thru any plan. Perhaps it was just the woman in me. After my father died, Delia thought it best to tell us the story of Rene's birth. This—this was such a terrible tale, and later we sought all thru his private papers, hoping he had taken some action to set those two free. There was no proof that he had, no mention, indeed, except a memorandum of intention to refer the matter to Lawyer Haines at the Landing. This merely served to confirm what Delia had told us, and, as Haines had gone to St. Louis, we were unable to see him. We were all of us nearly crazed; I was even afraid Rene would throw herself into the river. So I suggested that we run away and drew money out of my private account for that purpose. My only thought was to take a steamer up the Ohio, to some place where we were not known, and begin life over again. Rene had been a sister to me always; we were playmates from childhood, and I had grown up loving and trusting Delia ever since I was a baby. No sacrifice was too great to prevent their being sold into slavery. Oh, you cannot understand—I had no mind left; only a blind impulse to save them."

I CAUGHT her hand in mine and held it firmly.

"Perhaps I do understand. It was my knowledge of this very condition which first brought me to you."

"You heard about us on the boat—the Warrior? Did father tell you?"

"No; it was Kirby. He was actually proud of what he had done—boasted to me of his success. I have never known a man so heartlessly conceited. Eloise, listen. You may have thought this was largely an accident. It was not; it was a deliberately planned, cold-blooded plot. I tell you that Joe Kirby is of the devil's own breed; he is not human. Rene's father told me of the peculiar conditions at Beaucaire."

"Rene's father! Does—does he still live?"

"No; but he did live for years after he disappeared, supporting himself by gambling on the lower river. After he died Kirby investigated his story in St. Louis and found that it was true. Then he laid this plot to gain control of everything, including both of you girls—a plot surely hatched in hell."

"You know this to be true? How?"

"Partly, as I have said, from Kirby's own lips. In addition Jack Rale added what he knew—they are birds of a feather."

"But it seems so impossible, so like fiction. How could the man hope to succeed; to consummate such a crime? Besides, why should he desire us—Rene and I—whom he had never seen?"

"It can only be explained when you know the man. He had heard you described as a beautiful woman—that was enough for his type. He had convinced himself that Rene was a slave—his slave, once he had successfully played his trick. He knew you to be an heiress, with a sum of money in your own right, which he could only hope to touch thru marriage. The man dreamed of owning Beaucaire, of possessing all it contained. He was willing to risk everything to carry out his hell-born scheme, and to ruin every one who interfered with him. I am telling you all this, Eloise, because it is now time you should know. Will you not tell me just how it all came to you?"

Her hands clung to me, as tho she dare not let go; her eyes were filled with a mingling of wonderment and pain.

"Why, of course. We thought it best not to go until after we could see the lawyer. I could not believe my father had neglected to set those two free—he—he loved them both. Delia and Rene had

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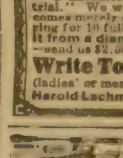

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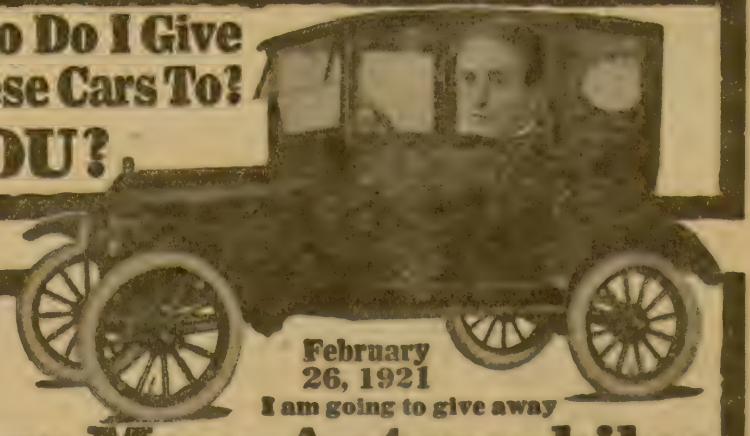

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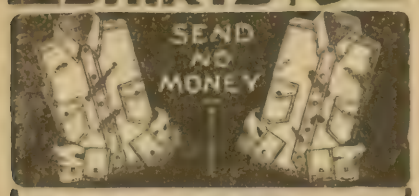

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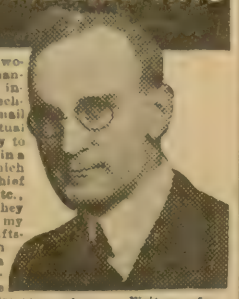

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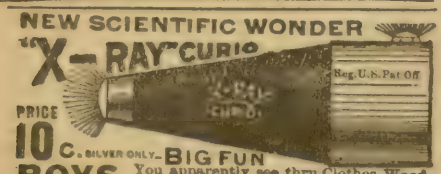

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gone down to the Landing that night to see if he had returned. We were both of us afraid to leave Rene alone—she was so despondent, so unstrung. It was dark and I was all alone in the house. Then these men came. They did not know me and I did not know them, but I was sure what they came for. I was terribly frightened, without an idea what to do—only I refused to talk. All I could do was to pray that the others might be warned and not return. They searched the house and then left this man Tim to guard me. He told me he was a deputy sheriff from St. Louis, and—and I encouraged him to explain all he knew about the case. Then I made up my mind what to do—I would pretend to be Rene, and let them carry me off instead of her."

"But did you not realize the danger to yourself?"

"No, I suppose I didn't; or rather I did not care. All I thought about was how to save her. These were law officers; they would take me to St. Louis before a court. Then I could make myself known and would be set free. They couldn't do anything else, could they? There was no law by which I could be held, but—but, don't you see? The delay might give Rene time to escape. That was not wrong, was it?"

"Wrong! It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of. And I know the rest—your encounter with Kirby in the library. I overheard all of that thru the open window, and how you learned from him that certain legal papers would have to be served on Eloise Beaucaire before any of the slaves could be touched, or removed from the estate. That knowledge only brought you new courage to play out your part. But why did you trust me enough to go with me? And, after trusting me so fully, why did you refuse to tell me who you really were?"

Her eyes fell before mine, and her cheeks were flushed.

"I—I do not believe I can tell you that, Lieutenant. You—you see I am not even sure I know. At first, there in the library, I was compelled to choose instantly between you, annd—and something infinitely worse. I—I supposed that man Kirby was dead; that—that you had killed him to save me. I—I looked into your face, and—and it was a man's face; you said you were an Army officer. I—I had to believe and trust you. There was no other way. Please do not ask me to explain any more."

"I shall not—only just this. If you actually believed in me, trusted me, as you say, why should you still claim to be Rene; and continually remind me there was negro blood in your veins; that you were a negress and a slave?"

"You think that strange? I did trust you, Lieutenant Knox, and I trusted you more completely the longer we were together. But—but I did not wholly understand. You were endeavoring to rescue Rene from slavery. I could not conceive what interest you might feel if I should confess myself Eloise. You were strange to me; we were there alone with the negro, and—and somehow it seemed a protection to me to claim a drop of black blood. Twice I thought to tell you—the words were on my lips—but something stopped them. Possibly, just a little, I was afraid of you."

"Then—but not now?"

"No, not now—not even a little; you have proven yourself all I ever hoped you would be. I am glad—so glad—to say to you now, I am Eloise Beau——"

She stopped suddenly, the word half uttered, the smile fading from her lips. She withdrew her hands from my clasp and pressed them over her eyes.

"My God!" she burst forth. "But I am not! I am not! Why, I never felt the horror of it all before—I am not Eloise Beaucaire!"

A moment I stood motionless, seeming to hold my breath, my eyes open, struck silent by the intense bitterness of that cry. Then the reaction came, the knowledge that I must turn her thought elsewhere.

"Do not say that, or even think it," I urged, scarcely able to restrain myself from grasping her in my arms. "Even if it shall prove true—legally true—some way of escape will be found. The others are safe, and you are going to need all your courage. Pledge me to forget, to ignore this thing. I need you."

Her hands fell nerveless and her questioning eyes sought my face. They were tearless, unabashed.

"You are right, Lieutenant Knox," she said frankly. "I owe my loyalty now to you. I shall not yield again to despair; you may trust me—my friend."

The day was not yet ended when we finally retraced our way across the narrow dike to the mainland, prepared to resume our journey. The passage was slow and dangerous, and we made it on foot, leading the horses. The woods were already beginning to darken as we forded the north branch of the creek, and came forth thru a fringe of forest trees into a country of rolling hills and narrow valleys. The two girls were already mounted, and Tim and I were busily tightening the straps for a night's ride, when, from behind us, back in the direction of the peninsula we had just quitted, there sounded the sharp report of a rifle. We straightened up, startled, and our eyes met. There could be but one conclusion—our pursuers had found the trail.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FIELD OF MASSACRE.

TO MY mind, seated on that island in the morass, a map spread before me, a hundred miles of travel had not appeared a very serious matter, but I was destined to learn my mistake. The close proximity of the men seeking to overtake us—as evidenced by that rifle shot—awoke within us a sense of imminent danger and drove us forward thru the fast gathering darkness at a perilous pace, especially as our mounts were not of the best. The fringe of trees along the bank of the stream was sufficiently thick to securely screen our movements until we had safely merged into the darkness beyond, nor could our trail be followed before daylight. Yet the desire was in all of our hearts to cover as much ground as possible. The available course lay across rough country, along steep sidehills, and into stagnant sloughs. Twice we mired thru carelessness, and several times were obliged to skirt the edge of marshes for considerable distances, before discovering a safe passage beyond. The night shut about us black and discouraging, with scarcely a star visible in the sky, by which we could determine our direction. I was quickly lost in this blind groping, unable to even guess the points of the compass, but Tim apparently possessed the mysterious instinct of the pathfinder, altho what dim signs guided him I could not decipher. To me it was all chance; while he kept steadily moving, occasionally relieving his feelings by an oath, but never hesitating for longer than a moment.

We became mere shadows, groping thru the void, barely perceptible to our own strained eyes. Now and then we drifted apart, and were obliged to call out so as to locate the others. We seemed to be traveling across a deserted, noiseless land, the only sound the stumbling hoofs of the horses, or the occasional tinkle of some nearby stream, invisible in the darkness. Kennedy led the way, after I had confessed my inability to do so, and, I think, must have remained afoot most of the time, judging from the sound of his voice, advising us of the pitfalls ahead. It was some hours before we finally emerged from this broken land, and came forth onto a dry, rolling prairie, across which we advanced at a somewhat swifter gait. In all this time I had never relaxed my grip on the bridle-rein of Eloise's horse, drawing her up close beside me, whenever the way permitted, conscious that she must feel, even as I did, the terrible loneliness of our surroundings, and the strain of this slow groping thru the unknown. We conversed but little, and then in whispers and of inconsequential things—of hope and fear, even of literature and music, of anything which would take our minds off our present situation. I smiled afterward to remember the strange topics which came up between us in the midst of that gloom. And yet, in some vague way, I comprehended that amid the silence, the effort to converse, a bond was strengthening between us both—a bond needing no words. It seemed to me that I could feel the beating of her heart in response to my own; and that while to my eyes she was but a mere outline, her features invisible in imagination I looked into that face again, and dreamed dreams the lips dared not express.

Surely we both understood. Even as I knew my own heart, I believed that I knew hers. I do not think she cared then to conceal, or deny; but, nevertheless, there existed continually between us a sinister face, a leering, sarcastic face, with thin lips and sneering eyes forever mocking—the hateful face of Joe Kirby. It was there before me thru all those hours, and I doubt not it mocked her with equal persistency. Whenever I would speak, that memory locked my lips, so that all I ventured upon was to quietly reach out my hand thru the darkness, and touch hers. Yet that was enough, for I felt her fingers close on mine in silent welcome.

Yet, perhaps, I ought not to say that it was any memory of the gambler which held me dumb. For it was not thought of the man, but rather of the woman, whose honor I felt bound to guard by closed lips. Some instinct of my own higher nature, or some voiceless message from her personality, told me of the line of safety—told me that she would secretly resent any familiarity she was not free to welcome. She might ride thru the black night beside me, our hands clasped in friendship, our hearts thrilling with hope. We would understand, could dream the dream of ages together—and yet, this was not now to be expressed in words; and there must still remain between us a barrier blacker than the night. She needed not to tell me this truth—I felt it; felt it in the purity of her soul, her silence, her per-

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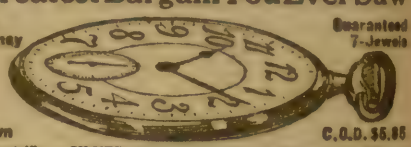

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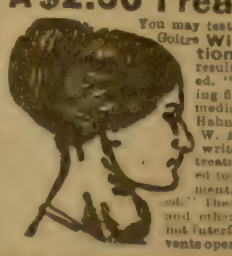

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fect trust in me. For this I knew, then and forever—only by respect could I win the love of her. This knowledge was restraint enough.

We rested for an hour at midnight, on the banks of a small stream. The sky had lightened somewhat, and we could perceive the way fairly well when we again advanced, now traveling thru a more open country, a prairie, interspersed with groves of trees. Daylight overtook us at the edge of a slough, which bordered a little lake, where in the gray dawn, Tim, by a lucky shot, managed to kill a crippled duck, which later furnished us with a meager breakfast. In the security of a nearby cluster of trees, we ventured to build a fire, and, sitting about it, discussed whether to remain there, or press on. It was an ideal spot for a camp, elevated enough to afford a wide view in every direction. No one could approach unseen, and thus far we had no evidence that our pursuers were even on our trail. Only the crack of that single rifle shot the evening before had suggested that we were being followed—yet, even if this were true, the black hours since would have prevented any discovery of the direction of our flight. Not even an Indian tracker could have picked up our trail amid that darkness. So it was decided to remain where we were and rest.

I need not dwell on the details of our flight. They remain in my memory in all clearness, each scene distinct, each incident a picture engraved on the mind. I came to believe in, implicitly rely on, all my comrades—on the black-eyed, dusky Elsie, emotional and efficient, wose carefree laugh was contagious, and whose marvelous skill in cooking only increased our hunger, who knew every wild plant that grew, and unearthed many a treasure to help out our slim larder from the forest and prairie soil; on the solemn-faced Kennedy, whose profanity could not be restrained, and whose sole happiness was found in an ample supply of tobacco; who persistently saw only the dark side of things, yet who was ever competent, tireless, and full of resource; but most of all on Eloise, her patient, trustful eyes following my every movement, uncomplaining, cheerful, with a smile for every hardship, a bright word of hope for every obstacle. In the darkness of night travel, when no eye could see her, she might droop from weariness, clinging to her pommel to keep in the saddle, yet it was always her voice which revived courage, and inspired new endeavor.

The way was generally rough and puzzling, bringing before us no familiar landmarks by which to guide our course. My map proved utterly useless, confusing me by its wrong location of streams, and its inaccuracy in the estimation of distances. We must have wandered far to the north from our direct course, led astray in the dark, and by our desire to advance swiftly. For there soon came to us warning signs that we were indeed being pursued; and some evidence also that we were even within Indian territory. Once we beheld from an eminence the wisp of a camp fire far in our rear, a mere misty curl of smoke showing against the distant blue of the sky. And once, from out the shadow of a grove, we stared perplexed across a wide valley, to where appeared a dim outline of bluffs, and watched a party of five horsemen creep slowly along their summit, too far away to be recognized—mere black dots, we could not identify as either white men or red.

But the savages had left their unmistakable mark for our finding. It was early in the twilight of the second day, the western sky already purple with the last fading colors, the prairie before us showing in patches of green and brown. To our left was a thick wood, even then grown gloomy and dark in shadows, and slightly in advance of us Kennedy rode alone, hopeful of thus dislodging some wild animal. I could see the gleam of the pistol in his hand, held in instant readiness, cocked and primed. Suddenly he drew rein, and then, turning his horse's head sharply, advanced cautiously toward the miniature forest, leaning forward to gaze intently at something unseen from where we were. I halted the others in a thrill of expectancy, anticipating the report of his weapon and hopeful of a successful shot. He halted his horse, which pawed restlessly, and sat motionless, staring down into a little hollow immediately in front of him; then he turned in the saddle, and beckoned to me.

"Cum over yere, Cap," he called, his voice sounding strange. "No, not the gurls; you cum alone."

I rode forward and joined him, only to stare also, the heart within me almost ceasing to beat as I beheld the grewsome sight so suddenly revealed. There, within the confines of that little hollow, almost at the edge of the wood, lay the dead and mutilated bodies of eleven men, in every distorted posture imaginable, some stripped naked and showing ghastly wounds; others fully clothed, but with the cloth hacked into rags. It had once been a camp, the black coals of fire still visible, with one man lying across them, his face burnt and unrecognizable. With the exception of one only—a mere boy, who lay a few rods away, as tho brought down in flight—the entire group were together, almost touching each other in death. Beyond question they had been soldiers—militia volunteers—for while there was only one uniform among them, they all wore army belts, and a service insignia appeared on their hats. Tim vented his feelings in a smothered oath.

"Militia, by God!" he muttered gruffly. "No guard set; the bloody Injuns jumped 'em frum out them woods. Those poor devils never hed no chanct. Ain't thet it, Cap?"

"No doubt of it; the whole story is there. None of them alive?"

"I reckon not—cudn't be hacked up like thet, an' most o' 'em skelped. Them reds never left a d—n gun behind neither. Why, say, this affair must a-took place this yere very maunin', 'bout breakfast time."

He stood up in his stirrups, and swept his eyes anxiously about in every direction.

"Good Lord! maybe we better be gittin' 'long out o' yere right smart. Thar ain't nuthin' ter stay fer; we can't help them ded men none, an' only the devil himself knows whar them Injuns hav' gone. Yer git the gurls away afore they see whut's yere—down yonder, inter the valley."

I TOOK one more glance at the sight, fascinated by its very horror, then wheeled my terrified horse and rode back. Heartless as his words sounded, they were nevertheless true. We could be of no aid to the dead, while upon us yet rested the duty of guarding the living. The young negress lifted her head, and gazed at me dully, so thoroly tired as to be indifferent as to what had occurred; but Eloise read instantly the message of my face.

"You have looked upon something terrible," she cried. "What was it? a dead body?"

"Eleven dead bodies," I answered gravely, my lips trembling. "A squad of militiamen were surprised by Indians over there and slaughtered to a man, apparently with no chance to even defend themselves. I have never seen a more terrible sight."

"Indians, you say! Here?" her eyes widening in horror. "When do you suppose this happened? how long ago?"

"Within twelve hours certainly; probably soon after dawn. The attack must have been made while the soldiers were at breakfast."

"Then—then those Indians cannot be far away?"

"We have no means of knowing; but it will be assuredly safer for us to get under cover. Come, both of you."

"They were all killed—all of them? You are sure?"

"Yes; it would be impossible for any among them to be alive—the bodies were scalped and mutilated."

I caught the rein of her horse, and

(Continued on Page 23.)

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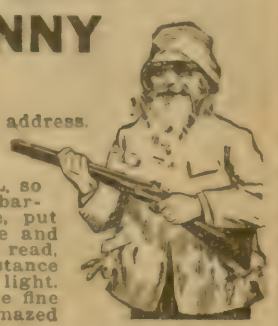

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W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11, 500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Titian of Tzintzuntzan

(Continued From Page 4)

it. Of course, you know what Cordova would do if he knew—but I am not going to threaten you. I appeal to your better nature. The girl is immature, she is not like I am, she is not to be tantalized with love-making which is not sincere."

"How do you know mine is not sincere?" Van Law broke out. Why he said it he did not know, certainly he had entertained no intention of putting himself in the position that remark assigned him.

"No American is sincere south of the border," Senorita Moreau became bitter again. "I ask you, as a gentleman, to stay away from Carmelita except as you may meet her with her family."

Oppressed with a sense of the hopelessly bewildering twists taken by every trivial thing with which he came in contact in this sordid little Mexican port, angered at letting himself be disturbed, Captain Van Law snapped out:

"I promise nothing of the kind."

Senorita Moreau drew herself up, stiffly.

"Very well, then," she said. "I'll proceed with my original intention. I warn you not to come near her again, on penalty of severer punishment than you imagine."

She turned abruptly away and walked from the beach up a path leading to the bluffs above. Captain Van Law, cursing himself as an idiot, could only retrace his steps to the town.

CHAPTER VII.
BRIBERY.

THERE were an unusual number of people about the door of the Casa de Tourist as Captain Van Law approached it from his unpleasant interview of the beach. The little throng was, he noticed, not even up to the Casa's none too discriminating class of trade, and he wondered at the abundance of khaki until, upon his approach, he discovered that the Mexicans had borrowed the American khaki color for its army. That here was a detachment of the republic's armed force was proved by the presence of the arms, antiquated muskets of about our Civil War period. An officer, such his amazing epaulets proclaimed him, stepped forth to cry in stentorian tones:

"This is the man. Seize him!"

Van Law had been prepared for trouble as the result of the well-merited punch he had administered to his unwelcome luncheon companion, but he was not expecting the distinction of being surrounded by a ragged group of semi-soldiers.

"What is this, a comic opera?" he inquired genially in English.

The brilliantly-clad officer, the only one of the squad who wore shoes, evidently understood not only the language, but the American allusion, for he threateningly exclaimed:

"You shall learn it is not comic opera. March him off!"

"Hold on! You cannot march off an American citizen without even the formality of serving papers on him of telling him what he is wanted for."

Scowling more deeply than ever, the lieutenant in authority drew forth a document and read a jumble of Spanish from phrases of which Van Law managed to gather that he was accused of conspiracy, of being a suspicious character and of attempt to commit murder.

Van Law's mind during his ceremonious march to the palace of the Governor was not upon how a simple punching of a Mexican's jaw could be turned into these heinous crimes. It was upon which one of his numerous entanglements could be placed responsibility for the authorities taking this advantage of the only thing approaching a misdemeanor that could be charged to him. Did Del Valle and Cordova propose to relieve him of the funds they suspected him of having, without even the formality of a sale of the Titian, or was the cause to be sought solely in animosity and jealousy on the part of Del Valle?

A few minutes would tell. Like most of his countrymen, Captain Van Law found lesser worry in actual, arrived trouble than in expectation of it. He had been expecting a showdown with the Governor. That it had actually arrived made him almost gay. Had it not been for the possibility of being accused of whistling to keep up his courage he would surely have broken forth into what his satisfied moments termed music.

It was the Captain's first experience with the informality of Mexican trials, tho he knew of the custom of the country which turns such functions into a mere gossipy, cigarette-smoking conversation between accused and judge, with witnesses, sitting about on the side-lines, so to speak, interrupting whenever spirit moved them. This time, however, there were no witnesses.

The distinction of a strictly private audience with His Excellency, the Governor, was accorded the accused. Del Valle met him with a very conscious blending of friendship and dignity. The pose in his attitude was so transparent that but for the hope of using it to advantage, Van Law must have been moved to smiles.

"I am extremely regretful that you let your native impetuousity overcome your good sense and good taste in assaulting one of my subjects," Del Valle began ponderously. "Doubtless, you did not understand that such affairs, no matter how common they may be in your own tempestuous country, are not allowed here."

He paused impressively, as if mercifully to allow the horrid sinner before him to plead his cause. Van Law maintained silence as the best answer to such trivialities. In a little less honeyed tones, the Governor went on:

"Because of the fact that I have met you socially at the home of friends I am disposed to risk the displeasures of the populace and be extremely lenient with you, in case you show a disposition which merits such consideration. Why is it, Senor Van Law, that you have come to my country? To stir up trouble?"

"Far from that. To avoid trouble, if possible. I came on a private business venture."

Captain Van Law was convinced that he might as well proclaim what that venture was, so certain was he that Del Valle already knew, but he would not give the dignitary the satisfaction of an admission. However, he was not prepared for the next question shot at him, in a wholly changed, suddenly belligerent manner.

"Is that venture to stir up trouble in the household of Senor Francisco Cordova?"

Despite his surpirse, the Captain coolly answered:

"I do not follow you. I know nothing of the household of Senor Cordova."

"You seem to know more than is wise for your own good. Clandestine meetings with the two feminine members of

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"I WISH to negotiate with Senor Cordova for that old painting he has," he explained.

"For the Titian. Man, it would take a fortune to buy that." Del Valle's surprise, if not genuine, was well simulated. "Besides, what good would it do you? You cannot take it from this country."

The Governor was warning him! Thereupon fell about Van Law's ears one of the theories he had been formulating for the inevitable return of the sold canvas, as told to him by Carmelita that morning. He had entertained the idea that it was use of this anti-export law which brought back the painting after each sale, as the girl said it came back. But it could not be from such a cause, or Del Valle was actually doing him a kindness in warning him now. Such a conclusion as this last was altogether out of probability. Putting aside speculation, the Captain realized that the moment for bribery was at hand.

"Is it not permitted?" he asked lazily.

"The fool central government has an edict against it," Del Valle indicated distaste for such governmental inbecility.

"That is, indeed, unfortunate." Captain Van Law blew smoke rings. "I have an idea the several thousand dollars in American money I'd probably have to pay for that picture would come handy to our withering friend, the ex-bandit. Such a law goes hard on him—and his."

"It is indeed so," the Governor agreed with oily compliance that indicated he would like to hear more of his visitor's views on this subject.

"Governor Del Valle, you are a friend of Senor Cordova and of his—ah, family. I am sure that you would not want to see him lose an advantage because of an idiotic promulgation of a government from which you are practically independent anyhow." The American leaned toward the official with the confidential manner beloved below the border. "If you can see your way clear to waive this foolish restriction I will be glad to donate to any charity you choose, two thousand American dollars, in good currency. I will leave the money with you, to be passed on as your judgment dictates."

The Captain leaned back, well satisfied that he had found a delicate way of putting a ticklish proposition. The Governor also leaned back, his beady eyes more ratty than ever.

"You are attempting to bribe me," he softly announced.

Distinctly startled, Van Law found voice to protest.

"That is a harsh way of describing a gift to charity. From what I have seen of your little part here, there are many places where the money could be used to advantage."

"Oh, I am not insulted." Del Valle appeared to enjoy the situation. "I am open to a bribe on this question—but not one of a few paltry thousand dollars. You have it in your power to persuade me to do what you wish in the matter of exporting the painting."

Perforce, the Captain asked what this might be, to be nonplussed with the reply:

"Tell me how it is that you are able to persuade the Cordova woman, particularly the red-headed one, to 'fall' for you, as you Americans put it." The Governor was gay a minute and then fiercely added: "And tell me what la Moreau wanted of you on the beach this afternoon."

"So that meeting was observed."

"Everything you have done in Ensenada has been observed," the Governor assured him.

"I can hardly meet the terms of your bribe," Van Law brought the word out with emphasis, "because no Cordova woman has 'fallen' for me, as you think we would put it."

"That was purely a joke. Tell me what Senorita the red-head, the Cordova mistress, wanted of you."

"I punched the jaw of one man today for referring to Senorita Moreau in less insulting terms than that." The American's eyes flashed angrily at his opponent.

"You will not punch my face and live to tell of it." For the first time Del Valle became openly threatening. Van Law, recalled by his manner to the memory of that ragged but not informidable band of supporters just outside the door, realized the power of the man's words. "What did la Moreau want of you?" the Governor repeated.

"Merely a private matter. I assure you," the Captain responded.

"Nothing is private from the Governor of Lower California. Do I need to remind you, Senor, that you are brought before me charged with most serious offenses?"

"This particular thing is private from even the Governor of Lower California—it concerns neither him nor the affections of Senorita Moreau." Van Law paused to let the words, firmer than his inner emotions, sink in, before adding, "I trust I do not need to remind you that I am an American citizen and that you are not a great way from the border. Also I might remind you that in, as we would say, gumming the cards on my errand here you are spoiling the chance of Senor Cordova to make an advantageous sale of his painting."

Again the manner of Governor Del Valle changed with the same lightning-like suddenness that had twice before characterized it. Yet, Van Law knew that it could not be the hint of force from above the border which had moved him.

"Proceed with your negotiations, Senor," Del Valle said as smoothly as if he had not a moment before been threatening death. "I will hold the matter of your offense in abeyance. I believe it possible to complete your deal before tonight's boat. And, ah—Senor, you will not forget your generous offer to our worthy charities."

"The money shall be sent you when I board the boat, northern bound, with the painting in my possession. May I consider myself free to depart?"

"Indeed, yes, Senor. You may consider Ensenada and all her people your humble servants."

With deferential manner, the Governor himself escorted the late prisoner thru the astonished group of his former captors.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOO MUCH MESCAL.

MORE sinister than would have been imprisonment upon the trumped-up charge resulting from his blow at the cafe Mexican, was the sudden release of Captain Van Law to go about his business. It said plainer than words that the Governor was in league with the ex-bandit in what appeared their business of selling and reselling the stolen Titian. How that business was conducted was purely conjecture with the American, but he knew that the picture, when sold, always returned to the wall of the Cordova house before the next morning.

Were the purchasers calmly dispatched, once their money was secured, at some dark alley on their way to catch the "night boat north," which he was expected to take that night? Or, were they allowed to go on board and then fed to the sharks? Del Valle's dismissal of his prisoner had almost implied that a few hours, more or less, in disposing of the American mattered little.

In the entire puzzle, Van Law felt certain of but one thing, that the Governor's peculiar changes of manner had been natural rather than assumed and had been due to a deep jealousy over Senorita Guadalupe Moreau, for whom he seemed to feel a passion he was fear-

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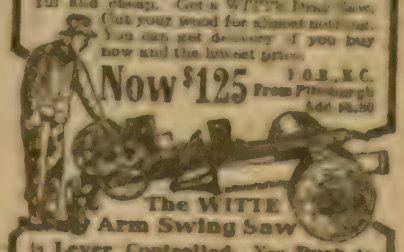

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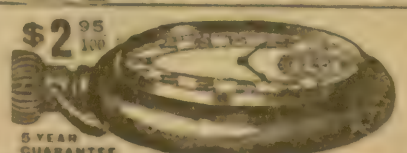

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ful of allowing to develop. Whatever the old ex-bandit's present failings, he did, evidently, still inspire a degree of dread and fear even in the breast of constituted authority.

Disdainful tho he might be of Del Valle and his works, Van Law realized himself caught in a situation in which he must in an outward manner proceed at least according to the instruction given him. He accepted the terms without further ado. Every one was conspiring to make him buy the Titian of Tzintzuntzan. Very well, he would do so and let the problem of what to do with it afterward solve itself. Worry was not habitual with the Captain. He refused to sulk under it.

Instead, as he turned his steps directly from the adobe which served as the "Governor's Palace" during that functionary's visits here to the home of Cordova, he evolved a new plan. If he could not get out of the country with the painting, he would not leave behind him Holliday's international draft with which he was expected by that worthy to pay for it. Vexed with Holliday for having under-represented the difficulties of his task, the Captain was more than ever determined to acquit himself in handling it.

One possibility of outwitting this aggregation of forcible picture dealers presented itself to the man. The priest of the morning was the key. Before Van Law arrived at the Cordova door he had determined that he would accept that huge roll of bills which the cleric had attempted to force upon him that morning; would accept it on the terms that if he could he was to deliver the picture to San Diego, but that having bought it he was not to be considered responsible for its safe transit.

Should he succeed it getting the Titian across the line he would cash Holliday's draft and return the money to the priest instead of giving him the picture. Van Law experienced no compunctions in such a plan. These Mexicans were contriving to outwit him in some unknown way; he would circumvent them if possible. In his situation a Mexican was a Mexican, there were no degrees.

Cordova he found spread at length on a couch in the inviting living-room, which reminded Van Law so strongly of many of its kind in his own comfortable land and caused him to wonder anew at the varied sides of this master robber and murderer. The ex-bandit's jovial mood of the night before had passed, as had also his mescal-induced elevation of the morning. Upon the American's admission by a servant he exclaimed in his habitual Spanish:

"You are late coming, young man. It is already dusk."

It was so blatantly impatient as to shock anew the Captain. Even the original clumsy attempts at finesse seemed to have gone by the boards in the impatience at his delay in appearing here to be victimized in whatever manner it was that had been devised and practiced in the past with success.

"You expected me?" Van Law could not suppress a touch of surprise.

"Most people who have seen the Titian only by artificial light hurry back to see its real radiance in daytime. Young fellow, it is a wonderful picture." A huge pride too great to be counterfeit, shone in the man's face. "Maria," he clapped his hands, "light the candles so the unappreciative Americano can at least feast his eyes again by their aid."

Van Law remained silent during the procedure. He was again adrift on the sea of bewilderment; no sooner did he seem to arrive at any conclusion in connection with Cordova and his Titian than it was upset. To doubt that the man was inordinately set up over possessing this picture in his house was to be stupidly obstinate in the cherishing of pet illusions. Tho he might have it there primarily for the purpose of selling and stealing back, Cordova certainly derived great pleasure from its very presence. As he stood regarding it now, there seemed a certain nobleness about the figure, which had cast aside the ravages of age and dissipation to stand erect before the work of genius.

He, himself, would be overcome with this mushy sentiment in a minute, Van Law reflected. Impatiently, scorning further diplomacy, he exclaimed:

"What will you take for the thing?"

"The thing!" Cordova whirled ferociously upon him. "This is one of the greatest works of art in the world, yet you ask me what I will take for the 'thing.' How dare you suppose I will sell it?" Whether the outbursts were genuine or assumed it did not turn the American from his course.

"I've been given to understand you would part with it for a consideration? How much?"

"Do you think you are buying a horse or one of your pestiferous native flivvers?" Cordova almost shouted. "Who told you I would sell it?"

"I gathered as much from Del Valle."

"The swine!" The ex-bandit spit on the floor in apparently genuine disgust. But his mood of exaltation fell from him; he resumed his place on the couch dully and asked:

"What is your bid?"

It was as if the man was acting under the same compulsion which had urged Van Law to hurry here. Was Del Valle the real beneficiary from the Titian? But such speculations were profitless. The American was here for a purpose and now as anxious to get it over with as were this mysterious band to have it accomplished.

"Fifteen thousand, in good United States currency," he replied.

"I'll make you out a receipt." Instead of the bickering he had expected, Cordova started toward his desk, in a far corner.

"Hold on," the Captain exclaimed. "That offer is contingent upon two things. One is that you charter me a private launch or some sort of a boat to carry me back to San Diego tonight—I'll not go on the regular steamer. The other is that I be privileged to carry the picture to this boat myself and to pay you the money there in cash when I get on board. I am buying no pigs in poke, if you know what they are."

"Why not the regular boat?"

"I have my reasons. I think you know them, at any rate I'll bet Del Valle does. Do you take me? You know everybody here, you can secure the boat—and keep the matter between ourselves."

THE wild notion had struck the Captain that a strange crew, persuaded to no matter what form of deviltry when hired by this retired cutthroat, could be outbribed by himself. In his plan he saw what he considered his only possibility of escape from the country with the Titian, once he had bought it.

Cordova stood where he had been caught by Van Law's rapid speech, a picture of entire bewilderment. For a little time he seemed to be grasping at what this move might mean, then he said:

"There is no need of that. Del Valle will accept a bribe to let it go out of the country or it will be the only bribe on anything he ever refused."

"I'd rather spend the money on a boat and put one over on him," Van Law answered.

A slow smile overspread the Cordova features.

"I'd rather you would," came the words. "I'll hire the launch. What time will you be here?"

"At 9 tonight, with the cash. Have the boat ready for us shortly after that."

With this injunction Captain Van Law made his way unescorted to the door. He had merely glanced at the Titian, the painting, despite its religious theme, seemed an evil thing to him. How much trouble had it caused and how much was it to bring him?

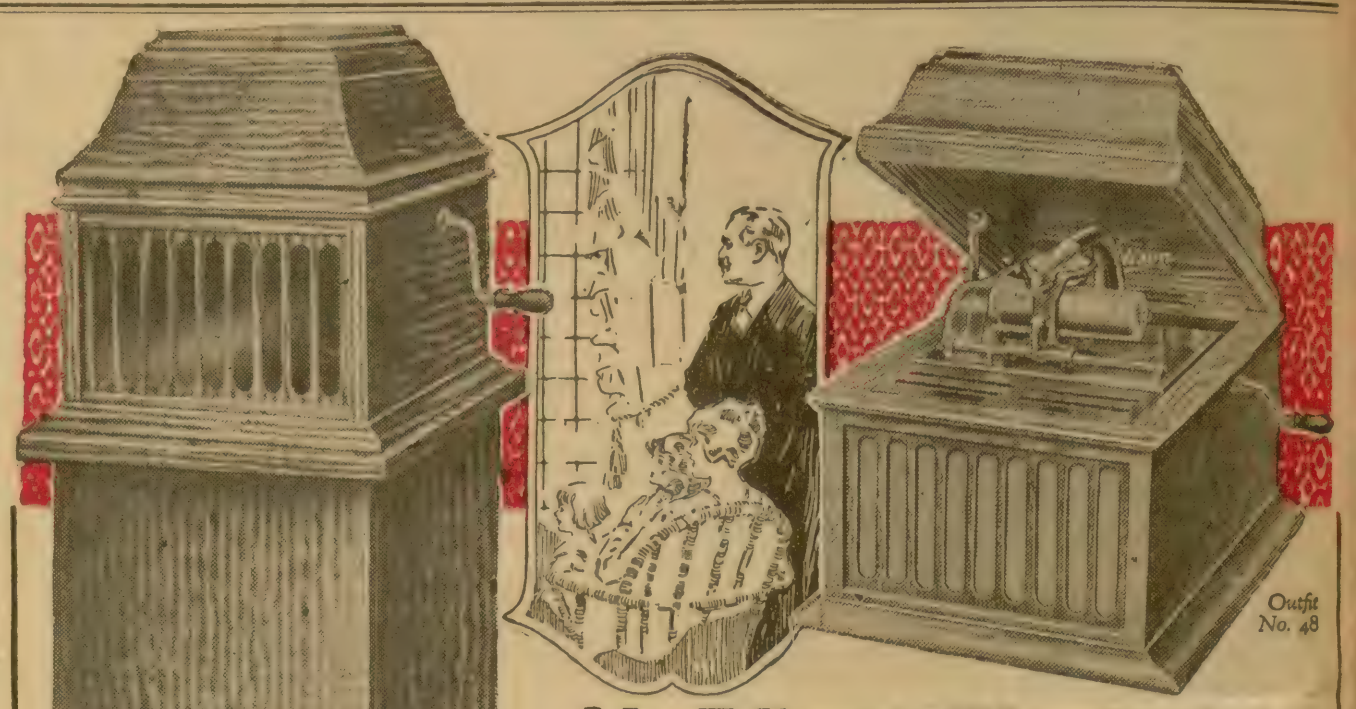
Moodily he made his way thru the dusk beside the long, adobe house. As he passed unnoting the wall he had climbed so gayly that morning something hit him on the neck, a light but stinging blow, and he heard the sound of the missile falling at his feet. It must have been a small rock. Stooping, he groped and seized a stone a little larger than its fellows, about which was wrapped a paper. Hurriedly the man passed on.

Ensenada afforded few street lights, but one illuminated window gave the Captain the chance to read this strangely conveyed communication. It was in Spanish, a far different, less forceful handwriting than that of the noontime. And it was boldly signed, "Carmelita." The note said:

"Come tomorrow morning. Come to the door and I will admit you, while father is away, as he always is. I have learned the secret of the Titian."

She had learned the secret of the Titian! Van Law, who believed he was himself about to stumble upon it, stopped in his well-laid plans. Should he go ahead with his scheme, hunt up the priest to get the cash which was to pay Cordova and make a bold attempt actually to get away with the painting, despite unknown traps set for its return? Or should he await until he could see this girl and really find out what the mystery was that surrounded the famous picture?

Not a hint of doubt as to her sincerity entered his brain, as it had concerning the red-head. Van Law realized this and half-despised himself for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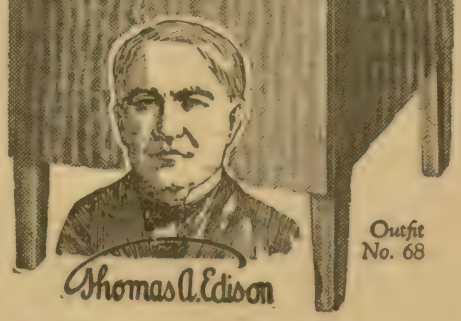

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SEND only $1.00. Fill out the coupon below and send it to us at once. We will then ship you either one of these New Edison Diamond Amberolas, as illustrated, with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer and 12 brand new Amberol Indestructible records. These records are included with the outfit.

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No obligation to buy in sending this coupon; this is just an application for trial

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distrs.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 4109, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Babson—As per your offer, I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph in my home on trial. As per your offer I am enclosing $1.00 and this coupon. Send me the outfit which I have checked below. If I decide to keep the outfit, I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price direct from you on your special terms. I agree merely to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small freight or express charges, and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense and you will refund my money. Otherwise, I will make the first monthly payment not less than one month after receiving the outfit, and make monthly payments thereafter of (*check the square below to the left of the outfit you wish to have us ship*). The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made. (This offer is not open to anyone under 21 years of age. If you are under 21, ask your father, mother or guardian to fill in and sign for you.

☐ Outfit No. 48 $5.00 for 9 months, $2.20 the 10th month, plus 6% interest amounting to $1.80, total $49.70. ☐ Outfit No. 68 $7.00 for 9 months, $4.20 the 10th month, plus 6% interest amounting to $2.00, total $70.20.

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having involuntarily surrendered to the talk which attempted to tarnish the name of Senorita Moreau. But as he proceeded on to his base of operations, the miserable Casa de Tourist, it was merely the decision between waiting to see the girl or acting on his own initiative as he had planned, that bothered him.

Now the undaunted American may learn the secret of the Titian masterpiece, even tho he fails to get the picture. And he will again see the innocent and beautiful Carmelita—perhaps! This is a delightful story, so far, and it cannot fail to be a delight right up to its final denouement.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Handkerchiefs Cost Money.

"THIS is rather a curiosity," remarked an artist who was entertaining a lady in his studio.

As he spoke he produced a tiny but exquisite painting.

"It is nice!" gushed his visitor.

"I was out in the country one day," he went on, "and had all my materials with me except a canvas. But I was so keen on painting this scene that I took out my handkerchief, stretched it upon my case, and painted the picture."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady. Then a look of horror came over her face as she went on: "But you'll never be able to wash all that paint out of it."

Stop that pain!

QUICK, warming, soothing, comforting relief follows an application of Sloan's Liniment. Just slap it on the strained, overworked muscle. Good for rheumatism, too. *Penetrates without rubbing.*

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Enjoy your 1921 "Ranger" at once. Earn money for the small monthly payments on Our Easy Payment Plan. Parents often advance first payment. Sample bicycle sent direct FACTORY TO RIDER wholesale prices. Three big model factories. 44 Styles, colors and sizes for men, women, boys and girls. **DELIVERED FREE ON 30 DAYS TRIAL.** Select bicycle and terms that suit—cash or easy payments—you take no risk. **TIRES** lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment, at half retail prices. **SEND NO MONEY**—Simply write today for big **FREE** Bicycle catalog and marvelous prices and terms. Special offer to Rider Agents.

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LEARN PIANO
BY EAR—IN ONE WEEK

Play correct BASS at once with my method. Most anyone can learn in a week.

F. W. Little, Box 36 Arsenal Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Proverbs of Porky McRough.

(Continued From Page 6.)

that bore the man's signature. He laid it before the election officials as he announced his challenge.

When the last of the Swank voters had sneaked away from the polling place, Frank Custer stumbled out into the street. Grinning Gordon had finished his day's work and was out having a good time once more.

He had gathered a little knot of townspeople about him. As usual his jaw was working.

"It's the best little fishing grounds this side of Missouri," he harangued the crowd. "I'm going to build a summer resort up there at the head of the lake—where the fish are standing on their tails, waiting for some fellow to come along with a hook—and you'll always find Grinning Gordon there to pass you the glad hand."

Old Si edged up and laid a hand on Custer's shoulder. "That's the biggest man that ever hit the West," he whispered as he cast an admiring glance at the windy little speaker. "But who in the world except a Missourian would have thought of disfranchising half of Democracy by getting them to bet on the election?"

"There's something besides suckers swimming in the old Missouri," the real estate agent admitted.

"Speaking of suckers, that reminds me of our fishing trip," Old Si chuckled. "We got to arguing about the best sort of bait for cutthroat trout. I'm strong for the golden spinner—but Gordon wouldn't listen to me—said the best bait for cutthroat was "easy money."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Devil's Own.

(Continued From Page 19.)

Elsie, who was now wide awake, and trembling with fear, pressed forward, close to my other side, moaning and casting her frightened glances backward. Kennedy was already started in advance of us on foot, leading his animal, and seeking to discover the quickest passage to shelter. The valley below was a deep and pleasant one, with sides forest clad, and so thickly timbered we were almost immediately concealed the moment we began the descent. On a narrow terrace the deputy halted us.

"I reckon maybe this yere is as gud as eny place fer ter stop," he said rather doubtfully. "Thar ain't noboddy kin see us, nohow, an' thar's a gud spring over yonder. It'll be mighty dark in an hour, an' then we kin go on; only my hoss is about did up. Whut ye say, Cap?"

"We are probably as safe here as anywhere in the neighborhood. Let me help you down, Eloise. Is that all you have to report, Tim?"

He lifted his hat and scratched gently his thin hair.

"Only thet them Injuns went south. I done run onto their trail after yer left—it wus plain as the nose on yer face. Thar must'r bin a slew o' 'em, an' sum a hossback; they wus a-strikin' straight across yonder, an' I reckon they fetched a prisoner 'long, sumbody wearin' boots enyhow, fer I saw the tracks in the mud."

"Poor fellow. We'll not remain here, Kennedy, only to rest an hour or two. We'll not risk a fire."

"Sure not—ain't got nuthin' ter cook, enyhow." He hesitated as tho something was on his mind, glancing toward the girls and lowering his voice. "I ain't so very dern tired, an' reckon I'll scout 'round a bit. Them red devils might'r overlooked a rifle er two back thar in the timber, an' I'd sure like ter git my fingers on one."

I nodded indifferently, too completely exhausted myself to care what he did, and then dull-eyed watched him disappear thru the trees. No one spoke, even Eloise failing to question me, as I approached where she and Elsie had flung themselves on the short grass, altho her heavy eyes followed my movement and she made an effort to smile.

"One can easily see by your face how tired you are," I said, compassionately, looking kindly down at her. "I am going to sleep for an hour or two and you had both better do the same. Tim is going to keep guard."

She smiled wearily at me, her head sinking back. I did not move or speak again; indeed I had lost consciousness almost before I touched the ground.

I could not have slept long, for there was a glow of light still visible in the western sky, when a strong grip on my arm aroused me, causing me instantly to sit up. Tim stood there, a battered, old, long rifle in his hand, and beside him a boy of 18, without a hat, tousled-headed, with an ugly red wound showing on one cheek.

"Mighty sorry fer ter wake ye, Cap," the deputy grinned. "This yere young chap is one o' them sojers; an' it strikes me, he's got a d—n queer tale ter tell."

The story, concluding next week, delivers a surprise punch that is a surprise indeed! Have any of you guessed WHO Joe Kirby is?

James Fenimore Cooper.

Born Sept. 15, 1789—Died Sept. 14, 1851.

IS THERE any real American boy who has not read with feverish interest and with bated breath the novels of our first American novelist—James Fenimore Cooper? Cooper was indeed a September child, having both his birth and his death day in that month. When he was still an infant his father moved with his family to Otsego Lake, in the interior of New York, and here he built a home and founded the village of Cooperstown. Out on the edge of the forest young Cooper grew into boyhood. Cooperstown was in the very backwoods of the day civilization. On the frontier—the border that separated the woods and the Indians from the rough settlement of the white man Cooper spent his boyhood days. There he spent his time upon the beautiful lake fashioning canoes after the manner of the Indians about him; there he roamed about the beautiful woods as they rose on all sides about him; there he slept at night amid the solemn silence of a little settlement, a hundred miles beyond the advancing line of civilization.

There in the backwoods of eighteenth century America the boy Cooper grew, and as he grew he learned the crafts and tricks of the people who lived about him. He learned the craft of the woodsman and the tricks of the trappers; the art of the forest and the tales and legends of the border folk. All these he learned and later used to create the background of his stirring stories.

Cooper went to college—to Yale, but he did not graduate from that institution. The call of the outdoors was ringing in his ears, and he was prone to spend his time in frolic rather than in study. At last it was decided that a life on the sea would cure his restless habits and Cooper at the age of 17 sailed the high seas on a merchant vessel.

Is it any wonder that Cooper's adventure tales hold the reader spellbound? He lived his adventures firsthand, and in his books he had made them live again for you to read and enjoy. If you do not know the works of James Fenimore Cooper, go to the nearest library and ask the librarian to show you where they are, and then read them. You will find them some of the greatest treats you have ever enjoyed.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Not Hard to Do.

"THERE'S a sort of a bump on your chest," said the tailor, pausing in his measurements, "but we make the clothing so that you will not realize the bump is there."

"I know you will," sighed the customer. "That's my pocketbook in my inside pocket."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

His Punishment.

"DOCTOR," said Johnny, half out of breath from running, "come up to our house quick."

"Who's sick there?" asked the doctor.

"Everybody but me. I was naughty, so they wouldn't give me any of the nice mushhooms pa picked in the woods."

Heavy Cold? Chest All Clogged Up?

Don't Give it a Chance to "Set In"—Use Dr. King's New Discovery

DON'T let it get a start. Dr. King's New Discovery will get right down to work, relieving the tight feeling in the chest, quieting the racking cough, gently stimulating the bowels, thus eliminating the cold poisons. Always reliable.

For fifty years a standard remedy. All the family can take it with helpful results. Eases the children's croup. No harmful drugs. Convincing, healing taste that the kiddies like. All druggists, 60 cents, $1.20 a bottle.

For colds and coughs
Dr. King's New Discovery

Feel Badly? Bowels Sluggish?

Haven't any "pep" in work or play? You're constipated! The stimulating action of Dr. King's Pills brings back old time energy, makes the bowels and liver respond to your strong healthy body. All druggists, 25c.

***Prompt!* Won't Gripe**
Dr. King's Pills

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If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring (Cat. price $4.98) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63,** or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. price $6.26) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once C. O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free** Catalog. **Agents Wanted.**

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Big Dolls FREE!

Girls! Here are 2 great big beautiful dolls for you, Big Sister and Baby Sister. They are real dolls **—not cloth.** Both are the same size—15 inches tall, stylishly dressed—lace trimmed dress, underclothes, bonnet and booties. We cannot show here how beautiful they really are. **You can't break these dolls** no matter how hard you drop them. **Arms and Legs Movable.** You can have either doll for selling only 24 large colored pictures or 24 pkgs. beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order pictures or cards today. Dolls sent postpaid, safely packed.

GATES MFG. CO., Dpt. 645, CHICAGO

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Two wonderful Susquehanna Broadcloth Flannel Shirts—only $3.69. Direct from factory. Would cost $6 or more elsewhere. Perfectly tailored. Cut extra full. Comfortably fitting. Winter weight. Soft turndown collar. Two extra strong, large pockets. Double stitched throughout. For work or semi-dress. An amazing bargain.

Pay postman only $3.69 plus postage after arrival. Then try them on. If not pleased, return at once; your money returned at once. Order by number FS 602. State size. Specify gray or blue. Only two shirts to a customer on this special offer.

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Warewell Co., Dept. FS602, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Factory Cut-Price

U. S. Officer's Shoes
Hand sewed, first grade factory, cut-down price. Direct to you at only **$6.85** Made of the best Waterproof Mahogany calf leather. If these shoes are not just as we say, send them back. You do not lose a cent. Retail price of this shoe is $10.00. Built for work and dress at the same time. If you are sending money order or check do not include postage. Pay only for shoes. We pay postage.

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First grade factory cut-down price. Direct to you at only $5.85. Retail price of these shoes is $8.00. Made of the best elkskin waterproof leather. Second Grade $5.15.

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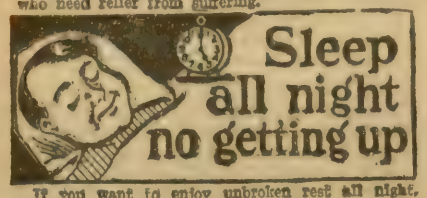

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or Coal Oil will keep this lamp in operation for 30 HOURS and will produce
300 CANDLE POWER
of the purest, whitest and best light known to science. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Simple. Safe. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Send for catalog showing lamps for every purpose; also special introductory offer and agency proposition. Write today.
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Indigestion, Constipation, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Gases in the Stomach, Dyspepsia almost instanly relieved with JUVITO PURE HERB TABLETS. Thousands of grateful users praise their rejuvenating and strengthening properties. Write for Free three days' treatment.
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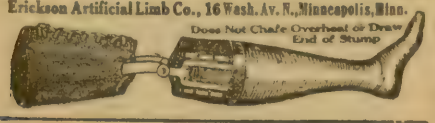

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BIG CAMERA FREE
Genuine Eastman
Film Pack Camera. Takes snap shots or time exposure pictures 2¼ x3¼. Has finder & handle. Sent prepaid for selling 24 beautiful, easy selling pictures at 15c.
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Foy's big book tells all about it. Contains many colored plates—an encyclopedia of poultry information, poultry houses, feeding for eggs, etc. *Written by a man who knows.* Sent for 5 cents. Low prices, fowls and eggs.
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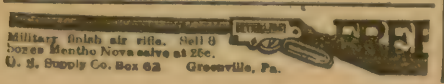

Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes Bentho Nova salve at 25c.
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Off Half Moon Reefs

(Continued From Page 8)

"You d—n sewer rat, I believe you would!"

"Sure I would!" laughed Roger. "What'd I care after I got it! You could chuck me overboard or——"

He stopped and glared at Chic, with the wild glitter of a maniac. "You going to give it to me?" he snarled.

Doby hesitated no longer. He drew something from his pocket and handed it to him. "Here, take your poison!" he said, half in fear and half in disgust.

Roger seized the paper and opened it with trembling fingers. One glance, a quick sniff, a taste of a tiny sample on the end of his tongue, and he was convinced. "You're a friend, Chic," he said, smiling beautifully. "I'll do anything for you."

Clutching the precious drug in one hand, he sneaked around the deckhouse. Captain Holding and Jane were still conversing together near the rail. Roger made sure of this, and then disappeared quietly in the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

ROGER awakened from his drug-induced sleep in the bottom of the lifeboat dangling over the stern of the Sky Pilot. He wasn't quite sure how he got there, but he had a vague recollection of having watched and waited for his chance, and when Niels Peterson relieved Lige Cole at the wheel the opportunity came, which he swiftly and dexterously took advantage of. No one had seen him, and he lay down in the bottom with the comfortable assurance that he would not be disturbed.

But long before he slept off the effects of the drug, one peering eye ferreted him out and punished him unmercifully. The angle of the sun shifted, and the seat that Roger had used for a shield to his eyes no longer protected him long. All day long the blazing hot sun beat full upon his exposed head until the blood in his system was close to the boiling point.

He had stirred uneasily in his sleep many times, but the hot sun could not entirely break the beatific visions of the narcotic. He slept on thru the heat of the day, and when night came the chill of the damp sea rose and enveloped him. He was shivering from exposure now as before he had been broiling.

When he opened his eyes it was a brilliant star-lit night, with the moon just peeping above the horizon—a glorious night at sea under and circumstances. Roger stared with vacant eyes at the twinkling beacons of the sky, many of which had become familiar to him thru long night watches at sea. A bit of an astronomer in his earlier years, he had taken more than the usual observations that nautical science required.

The irregular belt of the milky way, aglow with its soft nebulous light, crossed his line of vision, the dog star, most brilliant of the night's lamps, peeped just above the coaming of the lifeboat that formed his horizon; and to the west Orion blazed like three jewels set in a straight line; while the constellation of Ursa Major that formed the dipper smiled down at him in twinkling familiarity.

Roger seemd to have been reborn, and for a moment he lay in silence, entranced by the view, strange memories flooding his mind. Then he shivered. His bodily discomfort banished all memories and vagrant thoughts from his mind. His teeth shook and chattered with chills, while his head seemed encased in a fiery band of steel. The ribs of the boat had creased his body so that when he moved he moaned in anguish.

A moment later he recovered himself. Realizing that no one had discovered his hiding place, he was anxious now to crawl from it without being seen. Cautiously raising his head above the edge of his narrow horizon, he glanced around.

The Sky Pilot was bowling along before a stiff breeze, with her decks deserted except for the watch forward and the man at the wheel. Roger tried to make out the latter, hoping it might be one of the foreigners—Niels, Pete Swanson or Booly Hansen.

But it was neither. Captain Harding was at the wheel, with Jane standing near him. Roger frowned, for of all the crew on board they were the last two he wished to face in his present condition. If he could creep out unobserved and refresh himself with a dash of water on his head and a good drink, he would feel much better. The splitting pain in his head, and the parching thirst of lips and throat, made him weak and flighty.

He knew that he could not scramble to the deck of the schooner without stumbling and causing a commotion. He vaguely wondered what time the watch would change when he might have a chance to escape from his prison.

There was no way of telling the time, and consequently he could make no guess whether it was near the beginning or end of a watch. He had to wait until the next bell to find out.

With his head resting against the gunwale of the boat, he waited and listened. He could see the old skipper's stalwart figure in the gloom, with Jane a little at his left. They were talking in low, mumbling voices. Occasionally they turned their heads in Roger's direction.

"Chick's aiming to start a mutiny," the skipper's voice said slowly. "No two ways about that. It's his devilment. We got to watch him. He's forward with the crew now, ain't he?"

"Yes," murmured Jane, "and he doesn't pretend to hide his intentions. He's so outspoken against you that——"

"I'll put him in irons and shut him up!" growled Holding.

Jane considered a moment in silence. "Would that be wise?" she asked finally. "It might set the others against us. I don't trust Ben any too much."

The captain glanced anxiously at his daughter, and sighed. "Has Ben been making himself unpleasant again?"

"No," she nodded, "but he was sulky when I spoke to him about hitting Mr. Mason. I think he's taken a dislike to him."

"Well, we ain't getting much good out of Mr. Mason," grumbled the captain. "I thought we had the making of a good hand out of him. But no use counting on him. So long's he can get the drug he'll kill himself with it. It's the way with them poison eaters."

Jane did not immediately reply. She stared across the heaving, moon-lit sea in silence. Finally she turned again to her father. "If we could keep the drug from him during the voyage," she suggested, "he might get cured."

"He'd go crazy and jump overboard or kill somebody. He's too far gone."

"Yes, sometimes I think so myself," she replied slowly, "and then again I feel there's hope for him."

"I dunno," murmured the skipper. "I'd like to think so. He's a likely looking lad, and must have been somebody once."

"We ought to give him a chance then. Yes," she added after a pause, "I think we should."

"What can we do?" asked her father.

Jane smiled into his face. "Keep him at sea until all his drug is used up and he can't get any more, or take away from him what he's got now. It would be sooner over that way."

"How much has he with him?"

"I don't know; but I'll find out."

"You mean you'll search him while he's asleep?" queried the skipper, nodding his head in the direction of the small boat.

"No, nothing like that," she replied. "I could have done that, but—I let him sleep. I didn't disturb him. He'll soon be awake. I think then I'll talk with him."

Captain Holding nodded and looked straight ahead. Jane was equally silent and thoughtful, standing like a Viking's daughter by his side, with hair and skirt whipping in the breeze.

Roger from his point of concealment watched them, with a curious mixture of emotions surging thru his half-disordered brain. One thing impinged definitely upon his mind. Jane knew he was hiding in the lifeboat—had seen him climb there—and was keeping the fact from every one except her father.

Another truth that slowly made its way thru to his mind was Jane wanted to give him a chance to break away from his deadly habit, and in the process she would help him, but not thru any underhanded means. She would not steal the cocaine from him while he slept to toss it overboard. She would talk with him.

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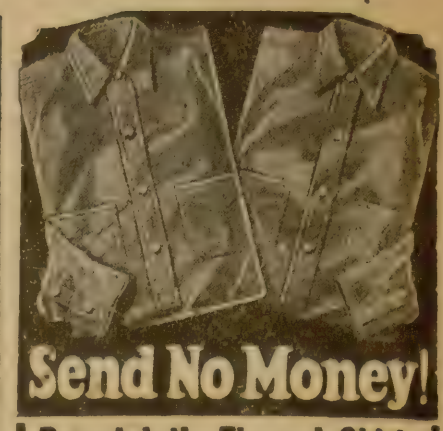
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Roger grinned. He had no cocaine; he had brought none aboard; he was dependent upon Chic Doby for the few grains that he would need from day to day. Should he tell Jane that Chic was his source of supply?

He lay there in the boat a few minutes longer, alternately gazing up at the stars and across the intervening space at the captain and his daughter. They were no longer conversing in undertones. Occasionally one spoke a brief word, but it had reference to the sea or weather.

CRAMPED and aching in every bone, Roger finally decided to climb out. Now that they knew where he was, there was no longer any reason for concealing his movements. He sat upright in the boat, yawned deliberately and stretched both arms above his head. Out of the corners of his eyes, he could see them turn their heads and watch him a moment, and then without addressing him they resumed their watchful navigation of the ship.

Roger staggered clumsily to his feet, and began climbing out of the boat. His head was buzzing and whirling dizzily, and to save himself from falling he clutched the sides of the boat and waited until the faint spell passed. When he opened his eyes again, Jane stood near him.

"Give me your hand," she said gently, "and I'll help you."

Just as on that first day when she tried to help him up the side of the schooner, after witnessing his clumsy attempt to board the small boat, the present offer of assistance mortified, and then enraged him. That she should consider him so weak and helpless as to need a woman's hand made him angry and disgusted. He pushed the hand away, and leaped for the deck in one of his spasms of aberrant strength.

"Didn't think I could do it, did you?" he grinned, measuring the distance with an eye between the swinging boat and the deck.

"I was afraid you might fall overboard without help," she answered frankly. "But I'm glad you didn't."

Roger glared at her with a sullen expression in his eyes; her calm superiority irritated him. "You think you could do it?" he asked.

She smiled, and then laughed in his face. "I've done it lots of times, Mr. Mason. I didn't even think of it as any particular feat."

"No, it isn't," he retorted quickly. "That's why I didn't like your offering me a hand."

"But you needed it, Mr. Mason," she pursued as if determined to sting him to resentment. "You've been sick, you know, and can't stand much. Why, I believe I could hold you by both wrists, and unless you played the baby act and kicked me, stand you up against the cabin and make you apologize."

She moved a step nearer as if to put her suggestion into execution. He glanced at the small but very capable hands, and at the delicately curved but sinewy wrists, and then up at her face. She was smiling, her eyes twinkling.

Roger's wrath vanished. He laughed good-naturedly. "Maybe you could," he admitted. "I'm not what I used to be. When you were a kid in short dresses, I stood men up there and made them confess their sins. Now, I guess, I couldn't handle a little girl."

A fit of depression made him sigh and drop his hands to his sides. Jane was instantly sympathetic and encouraging. "But some day, Mr. Mason, you'll get back your strength and be able to handle strong men again."

"No," he said in dejection, "I'm down and out for keeps. I'll never get back."

She regarded him in silence for an instant, and then as if convinced of the truth she said coldly: "No, I don't believe you will. You don't want to get back. You'd rather gratify your appetite for that poison than be a man."

She shrugged her shoulders and walked away. Her words once more angered him. "Why are you so darn sure of that?" he demanded, following her.

"Because," she added, turning, "you haven't the strength of will to pull yourself up. You couldn't do it if you wanted to."

"That's a lie!" he blurted out, hot in resentment. "I could do it if I wanted to."

"And you don't want to?" she shot at him.

Roger ground his teeth in silent rage. If she had been a man he would have hit her. Captain Holding, whose broad back had been turned to them, slowly swung around at this moment.

"Mr. Mason," he said calmly, "take the wheel."

Roger's smouldering anger flared up at the captain as an object against which he could vent it without any scruples. He became violently abusive. "You go to hell!" he shouted. "I haven't signed up! I ain't one of your d—n Dutchman! You can't order me around!"

Captain Holden signaled to his daughter to take the wheel, and then slowly and calmly walked to Roger's side. "We got to settle this right here," he said, ominously. "Stand up, Mr. Mason, and take your punishment!"

Roger spluttered and raged; but he was helpless in the hands of the skipper, who picked him up and carried him to the stern. Still holding him with one hand he tied a rope under his armpits. Roger kicked and hit, sputtering with impotent rage.

"Now, young man," added the captain when he had finished, "the surest cure I know of for what ails you is this."

With a push he toppled Roger overboard, knocking him over the stern rail so that he cleared everything and fell plump in the sea. He went under a few feet, and then the slack rope tightened and jerked him above the surface. He gasped for breath and began swimming as the rope slackened again.

He was in no physical condition to buffet the waves. They constantly overwhelmed him, filling his eyes and mouth most of the time. What little breath he had was needed for more important things than yelling. Thus he silently and doggedly endured his punishment until the captain finally hauled him aboard again.

"Now, if you can behave yourself this will do," said Holding, watching him severely. "What do you say?"

"I'll be good," replied Roger, striving to force a smile. "You got the whip hand, capt'n, but some day we'll reverse the conditions. Then look out!"

"I'll be glad to see that day," smiled Captain Holding, "for it will mean you're a man again, and not a d—m dope fiend."

Surely, the way of the transgressor is hard. Knocked into semi-unconsciousness by the hard-fisted first mate, threatened and bullied by the evil-minded Chick Doby, and then chucked overboard by the stalwart skipper, our hero appears to be having a strenuous time on his enforced sea voyage, aside from his insatiate cravings for his precious drug. Will the time come come when Roger will get even with his tormentors? Future developments will tell. Don't miss the next installment of this remarkable story.

A Queer Place to Live

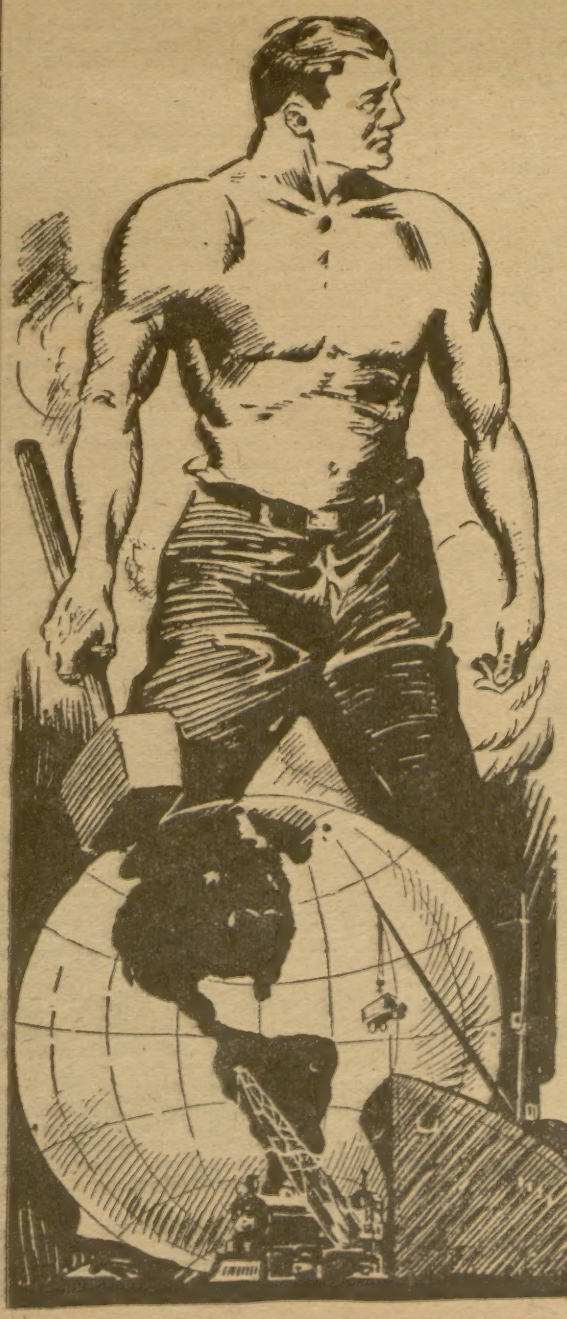
I'LL bet you could never guess where our house is, for it is right where no one would ever think of looking for it. Well, it is back under the front steps of a house where people live, and everybody that goes in or out tramps right over our heads. Our mother, that is Mrs. Jenny Wren, selected the place, and whether our Dad liked the location or not, he had to live there, for whatever mother says in our family, goes.

Our house, or nest as birds call it, is made of long grass, and strings and little twigs, all woven together in a ball, about the size and shape of a twenty-five cent cantaloupe. And it had the cutest little passage-way leading from one side into the living-room in the center. This room was not square like the ones in the big house under which we live, but was round, and lined floor, walls and all with feathers, and was about the very nicest room you ever saw. When we children, and there are eight of us, go to sleep we cuddle up in a little heap in the middle of the room. The fact is, it is so cozy, and comfy and dark, that we sleep most of the time, when we are not eating, and the days slip by without our knowing it.

Our mother is mighty good to us, and every few minutes thru the day, she is bringing us something nice to eat. Sometimes, it is a little green worm, and sometimes it is a baby grasshopper without any wings, and then again it is a fat brown cutworm, all cool and damp, from the garden. When we hear her coming, we wake up and open our bills and squeak like so many young mice. Somehow, she can tell which one of us had the last lunch, and she never makes a mistake and gives it to the same one twice, so in that way, we all get our share and no more.

At first you would never have supposed we were any kin to our mother as we were not dressed in brown feathers like hers, but all we had on were a lot of little blue-black things sticking out of wings, and where our tails were to be later on—pin-feathers, I think they call them. But they grew very fast, and in a little while, we had regular feathers, but they were very scattering, and we still had an undressed feeling, and would have been awfully ashamed if a stranger had peeped in. We did not see much of Dad in those days, as mother was always scolding and fussing with him whenever he came around, and telling him that it did look as if he was old enough to know what kind of food baby wrens liked, and not be bringing them great big, hard bugs that they could not swallow. He was mighty good-natured and talked back, but would hop out to a rose bush by the steps, and sing and sing as if he was so happy he could not hold it in. Our mother, as sweet and good as she was, was so fidgety that she made us nervous. She couldn't keep still a minute, and was forever jerking her funny little bob-tail up or down, or sideways. Every time she had a thought she gave it a jerk, and when she did not have a thought, she flirted it twice, and we wondered why she did not wear it out. She always wore the same brown dress with buff and black trimmings, but it was very becoming, and fitted her beautifully, and was always as neat and clean as could be. In a few weeks we had grown so much that we filled the room about as completely as pickles fill the bottle, so we were obliged to go outside for a little air. And it was not long, before we hopped thru the lattice-work, right out in the big world, where the sun was shining, and the flowers were blooming and everything down to the very grass on the ground, was more beautiful than anything we had ever imagined. One morning we followed mother down to the vegetable garden, where she taught us to catch worms for ourselves, and after that, we were no more trouble to her.

How Iron Makes Men Strong



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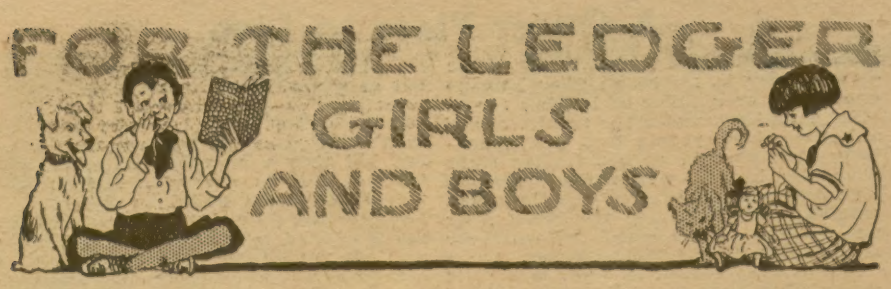


Excitement on Willow Beach

ALL the long happy summer Marcia, Dick and Ted had played on the beach and played croquet in the evenings and gone swimming and wading and everything that girls and boys do at the seashore and, of course, they had dug lakes and made things out of sand. But until Jane came, the last week before the season was over, they had never had the real fun on the beach that they did after her arrival. For Jane knew how to make everything—or if she didn't know quite how to make everything, it seemed like everything to her three admiring friends.

Jane had never been to the ocean before. She had always spent her summers at an inland lake where she could play in the sand and not be bothered by the great waves that sometimes dashed up and spoiled a morning's work in the sand. And Jane had never heard of tides. But then—tides don't come into the story—that is, not yet!

On Friday morning while the four children were finishing their breakfast at the Willow Tree Cottage where all were stopping, Marcia's mother said to them, "Well, people, what's the order of the day? You know this is the very last day you can play on the beach."

"Let's go swimming right now and stay all day," suggested Ted.

"Bur-r-r-r!" exclaimed Jane and Dick together, "it's too cold this early in the morning. Let's make towns in the sand."

"And swim at 11 o'clock when it's warmer," added Ted good naturedly, "all right let's."

"Oh, I know," cried Jane with a sudden inspiration, "let's find a new place and build a whole town and houses and a courthouse and everything. I know how to make 'em stand up high. Let's hurry so there'll be plenty of time."

With a great scurrying and pushing, all very happy and good natured, chairs were pushed back, sand buckets and shovels were hunted out and the four town builders were off.

Down the road to the beach the children scampered, across the "fill" where the sandy stretches had been filled with crushed shell to make a firm road, and over to the sandy beach where the tiny waves and tempting hills and hollows made an ideal playground.

"Now we have to have some sticks and three or four boards," said Jane.

"I'll get those," answered Ted, "while you pick out where the town's going to be. Get a good place," he added, "'cause we want plenty of room for us all to work."

"Look what I've got," exclaimed Marcia, and she showed a bit of glass which would make real windows in the courthouse of their to-be-town.

"Fine," exclaimed Jane happily, "I know this is going to be a beautiful town. Oh, Marcia!" she added, pointing out a bit, "let's make it there."

Marcia looked to where Jane was pointing. Out from where they were standing, a bit around a rocky edge was an island. No, not a real island but a sandy bar that stuck up out of the water and glistened in the bright morning sunshine. And she noticed that if they walked closely by the rocks, they could get out to the sand as easily as not.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful!" she cried, "let's start."

So when Ted came back with the needed boards and sticks he found the building party wandering out to the sand bar. He, too, noticed the glistening sand and thought it a wonderful site for their town.

"It's funny we never noticed it before, tho," he said as he caught up with the others. "I guess we never got out quite so early when the light shone on it just this way."

As soon as the firm dry sand was reached the children set to work. Jane was head builder because the idea of a whole town was hers. She drew the map of the town on the sand and laid stones where the houses and buildings were to be. "There'll be the courthouse and here'll be the church. And this is the market square."

"But you've got the courthouse so far from the others," objected Marcia.

"That's because it's in a park," said Jane. "You just wait and see how pretty we can make the park," she added encouragingly, "we can make patterns of flowerbeds even if we have only sand to work with. And then, too, if we have plenty of room around it we can all work on it at once."

So they set to work. Jane showed them how to stick four sticks into the sand and put the board across the top to make a platform. This made a firm framework for the biggest sort of a building and made it possible to make a much higher and more tower trimmed building than would have been possible with only sand. Dick brought buckets and buckets full of sand to pile on the framework, while Ted and Jane packed it on and Marcia gave advice from a stand-up position where she could see how the whole building was coming on.

"There now!" exclaimed Jane with satisfaction, as she tipped back on her heels, "it's ready for the tower, Ted White! Aren't we fast workers? Dick!" she added sharply, "that's no fair to spill water on my shoes!"

"I'm not spilling any water on your shoes!" exclaimed Dick in amazement, "I'm right here in front of you bringing sand for the tower."

Jane looked up. Sure enough, there was Dick right in front of her—and Marcia and Ted, too—yet somebody had spilled water on her heels, she could feel the wetness.

She whirled around to spy out the newcomer and saw water—the great ocean itself spilling up by her shoes, closer and closer all the while.

"What's the matter with this ocean?" she demanded half in fear. "When we started here there was plenty of room to play and now look at it!"

Ted and Marcia and Dick looked and they knew what was the matter. They knew that the tide had turned and that their pretty little sand bar would be under water in a very few minutes, and that each wave coming in would make the trip along the rock more and more difficult.

"No use crying over spilt milk or turned tides," said Ted manfully, "we'll need all our breath for getting home. But we should have known better Marcia. Jane's not used to tides."

With quick orders, Ted got the four of them in a row, hands tightly clasped and together the little line tried to find its way along the rocks they had passed only a little while before. Footing was slippery, the waves dashed up and wet them all over.

"Don't you mind," said Ted as he set his teeth firmly and held Jane and little Dick so tightly it hurt, "hang together and we can make it with only a wetting."

Just at that minute the life guard up at the bathing beach spied them, which was a good thing, as the children still had the hardest part to go. He came running down the beach and out along the rocks to meet them.

"Hang together!" he cried as he neared them, "that's the idea, old man!" And in another two minutes he had them all safe on the main beach.

Then when it was all over, mothers and children came running and there was great fun and excitement.

"Did you say you'd have a quiet day," laughed Jane's mother as Mrs. White came in to lunch with her three children dried and combed and hungry.

"Well, who cares about quietness?" demanded Mrs. Jeness, "what I want to know is who is hungry enough for double helpings?"

And four little people shouted, "I am!"

Keeping Fit

BY DR. SAMUEL HAMILTON.

It is because of the war that the perfect physical man has all at once become the idol of the world. You can make of yourself, even rather late in life, almost anything you like. You are not going to get fit in one day, one month, or, perhaps, a year, unless you take enough outdoor exercise to keep the circulation going and practise the athlete's first principle—to keep the system *clean*. He does not give his body a chance to absorb poisons. He not only takes his cold shower, after exercise, but he knows a cleansing of the intestines is important, and he takes occasionally a good regulator and liver cleanser, such as a dose of castor oil, or, what is much better, a tiny pill made up of May-apple, aloin and jalap, and sold by almost all druggists in the land as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Keep the kidneys in good order also. Avoid too much meat, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water, preferably hot water, before meals, and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking "Anuric" (anti-uric-acid). This can be obtained at almost any drug store.

Send a bottle of water to the chemist at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive free medical advice as to whether the kidneys are affected. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headaches, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism or gout; or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night. Take heed, before too late! Get Anuric (anti-uric-acid), for it will put new life into your kidneys and your entire system. Ask your nearest druggist for it or send Dr. Pierce ten cents for trial package of "Anuric."

ECZEMA
CAN BE CURED
Free Proof To You

J. C. Hutzell, R. P.
DRUGGIST

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I am Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **fourteen thousand five hundred** Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have **Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter**—never mind how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—**give me a chance to prove my claim.**

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be **proof.**

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, 3916 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name..... Age.....

Post Office..... State.....

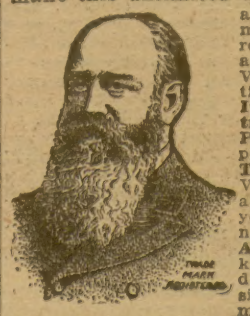
Street and No. .....

CRUEL PILES

Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which Is Healing Thousands

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE

To anyone suffering from Piles we make this unlimited offer: Send us your address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for **Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles,** and such Pile trouble—all in plain wrapper — **TO TRY FREE.** Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world famous **Absorption Method.** No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone **without cost.** Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you **nothing.** You decide and we **take your word.** We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving almost every stage and condition of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases **are often controlled in a single day.** Won't you try it at our expense? Address **Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. RZ-50, Jackson, Mich.** Send no money. Send today.

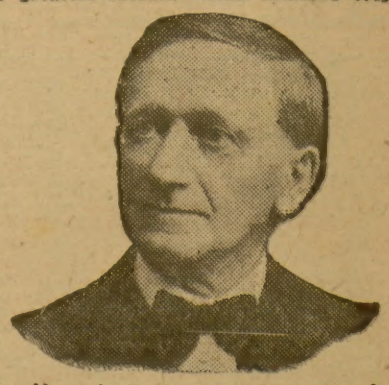


Don't Wear A Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience We Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

WE SEND IT ON TRIAL

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured, Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Company
316 K State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN: EARN $3,500 TO $10,000 A year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing system. Free employment service to members. Send for salesmanship book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n., Dept. 103W, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-163, Dayton, Ohio.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING MADAME Lilly's Marcellene hair dressing and skin whitener soap to colored people. Takes like wild fire everywhere. Constant repeater. Cash in on some of this easy money. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Address Tono-Scalpa Co., Inc., 1331 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MAN- ufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—$100 WEEKLY. AUTOMOBILE owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves its cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS: NEW REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. Not sold in stores. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Saves $20. Guaranteed waterproof. Big commission. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 309 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESEN- tatives to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guarantee bond 8000 miles. Wholesale prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS—TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED FOR NEWLY patented smokeless lamp burners. "Nordquist made $74.13 first week." Easily demonstrated. Everybody pleased. 200% profit. Exclusive territory. Be first. Finch Lamp Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL- low tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices, rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk R-1, Chicago.

$61.50 WEEKLY. INTRODUCING AND selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Experience not necessary. Write today. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 382, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL LIT- tle article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Mgr., 2459 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS — WATER-PROOF KITCHEN apron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease-proof. Sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 2111, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS, $40 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS — MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

350% PROFIT. QUICK SELLER. KLEAN- Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells 25c. You make 19c. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 3253-L, Belle Plaine, Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. T-452, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANS- formers. Every auto owner needs them. Save gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 222 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission Bead Co., Factory O, Los Angeles, Cal.

RUGS, RICH LOOKING IMPORTED RUGS 3 feet by 6 feet, $1.50 each in dozen lots. Sample rug $2.00 prepaid. Sun Supply Co., 1904 Sun Bldg., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SELL PUDDING POWDERS—DELICIOUS dessert. Fast sellers, quick repeaters, big profit. Send for terms and sample. C. H. Stuart Co., 4 Bdwy., Newark, New York.

WOMEN-GIRLS, BECOME DRESS-GOWN designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 854, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS to sell hosiery direct from mill to consumer. Good proposition. Address P. O. 773, Reading, Pa.

MAKE MONEY SELLING STEEL MANTLED burners. Triples the light. Sample fifty cents. Guaranteed. Fits common lamps. Steel Mantle Co., 4051 Cottage Grove, Chicago.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. BOYS- men, $45 weekly. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 804, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS NEEDED BADLY (men-women), $1,600-$2,300. No experience. Write Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD- dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN—GIRLS—BECOME DRESS-GOWN designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 854, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN TO PRE- pare for good office positions. No tuition money necessary. Prepare at home. Address Box 47, Greenfield, O.

FARM LANDS

FREE BOOK OF FLORIDA FACTS. OWN your own orange grove in beautiful Fruitland Park. A few cents a day you now waste will buy it for you. A few dollars a month may provide you with a life income. Schnitzler sold his twenty acre grove here for $40,000—two thousand an acre. He saw the same opportunity that's offered you and planted a grove. Result—he reaped a small fortune. You have the same chance but you must act now. Write today for free book of actual photographs, Florida facts and the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm. Learn of crops that help you buy it. Address today, Lake County Land Owners' Association, 273 Sunset Way, Fruitland Park, Florida.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

A REAL OPPORTUNITY CALLS YOU TO Antrim and Kalkaska Counties, Mich. Raise big crops on our hardwood lands. Close to markets, schools, R. R. Only $15 to $35 per A. Easy terms. We help settlers. Write for big free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR SALE—MISSOURI

GREAT BARGAINS—$5 MONTHLY BUYS 40 acres; $10 monthly buys 80 acres in delightful Ozarks. Fred Jarrell, Springfield, Mo.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER; FARM for sale. Price, description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

COW FACTS FREE. YOU OWN A FARM or hope to own one some day. Farm Facts, a monthly publication, is written for you. Send one dollar for two years' subscription and receive, free, Cow Facts, a complete cow text book, needed by every farmer. Address: Farm Facts, Dept. 10, Marinette, Wisc.

FOR SALE

SAVE A DOLLAR! HIGH GRADE HOSIERY for the whole family at factory prices. Men's, women's and children's cotton hosiery at pre war values. Light and medium weight cotton, 6 pairs $1.50. Light and medium weight lisle and mercerized, 6 pairs $2.00. Extra heavy boys' cotton and ladies' mercerized, 6 pairs $2.50. Send money order; state size, weight and color. Write name and address plainly. We prepay postage. Family Hosiery Mills, Box 240, Chattanooga, Tenn.

GET THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE. IT adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, squares and cubes. It works your problems. Everybody wild for them. 35 cents, 3 for 75c (coin). Curtis, 8 Davies Building, Dayton, O.

PIN MONEY—FARMERS' WIVES AND daughters! Have your own bank account. Send for booklet for valuable information. Fifty cents. Mrs. Ralph Smith, La Mesa, California.

VIOLINS WITH OUTFITS ON EASY PAY- ments. Free trial. Write Miss Bertha Mardiss, Shawnee, Kansas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference; established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

BE THRIFTY. WORN SHIRTS EXQUISITE- ly rebuilt. We please you. Prices reasonable. Send parcel post. Exceptionally fine new tailor made shirts. Request leaflet. Olympic Shirt Co., 286 5th Ave., Room 206, Dept. P, New York.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

TEXAS OIL LEASES. I STILL HAVE A few ten and forty acre leases at 55c per acre. Send for free maps. Frank Strickland, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

WILL YOU STAKE $10.00 IN OIL LEASE? May mean $10,000 in few months. Write for Folder A, Texoland, 626 Laughlin Bldg., Los Angeles.

300% ANNUALLY—SAFE AS A BANK. Investments of $15 upwards accepted. Write 607 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

EARN $50 NIGHTLY. NO EXPERIENCE required. Small investment buys professional machine, film, supplies, complete stationary or traveling equipments, already for work. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Large catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 527, 228 Union, Memphis, Tenn.

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

OLD COINS

WATCH YOUR CHANGE. WE OFFER FROM 10% to 1,000% premium on old cents, dimes, quarters, half dollars, dollars, etc. We buy all old coins and bills. Get posted. Send 4c for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean large profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE will write the music and guarantee publication on a royalty basis. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 132, Chicago.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25-$300 PAID anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 420 St. Louis.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLAD- der trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

GALLSTONES—FREE BOOK TELLS OF improved method of treating inflammation of gallbladder and bile ducts. Write today. Dr. Paddock, Box 7J201, Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTS

PATENT—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CON- tains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PAT- ent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS—MY CLIENTS KNOW EVERY step taken in prosecuting their applications. Booklet sent free on request. Warner Cubberly, 23-A National Union Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, an ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wondeful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY, THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

ANY READER OF THIS PAPER SUFFER- ing from goitre (big neck) can get positive information on how to cure it at home without the least trouble or discomfort. Both internal and external—no danger and no charge. Write at once to Dr. Rock, Dept. 26, Milwaukee, Wis.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

REMEDY, BED WETTING — BLADDER trouble. Use dependable harmless remedy. Get the benefit of our 20 years' experience, a package of Pen-Ine, and advice free. Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Hundreds wealthy. Best, most successful. Write, be convinced. Confidential. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY. BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 215, Blairsville, Penna.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT- ing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., BO-411, Camden, N. J.

LONESOME? JOIN OUR CLUB! HUN- dreds delightful ladies belong! Enclose stamped envelope. Chicago Friendship Club, Box 749, Chicago, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

IF YOU WISH A PRETTY AND WEALTHY wife, write Lillian Sproul, Sta. H., Cleveland, Ohio, enclosing stamped envelope.

LADIES—WRITE TO THIS LONESOME gentleman, owner of orange grove. Box 441, South Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRE- spondence Club." Particulars free. Address, Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIP- tions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MAN OF HEALTH, WEALTH AND REFINE- ment considering marriage. Ladies, write me. Box 684, Dennison, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage; sealed, 20c. Select Club, B., Topeka, Kansas.

LADY FARM OWNER, 27, WANTS HUS- band. M-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WIDOW, 49, WORTH $50,000, WANTS HUS- band. A-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

BACHELOR, 43, WORTH $40,000, WOULD marry. E-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

BUSINESS MAN, 42, WITH $35,000, WILL marry. V-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

"Dear Bessie"

This Is Bessie Carswell
The Poultry Woman

With "Betty," 204-Egg White Leghorn in her pullet year. I am always glad to help my customers — writing them personally, giving them the benefit of my experience.

I love to get the letters that start, "Dear Bessie." It puts things right on a comfortable, friendly basis. I am awfully glad thousands of poultry raisers, both men and women, believe me when I say that I take personal interest in their success. I want to see every poultry raiser get an egg a day from each hen, winter and summer. I want to help you if your hens are sick; I want to help you if your hens are well; I want to help you if your hens are laying or if they are not laying; I want to tell you a lot of things about feeding and breeding; I want to tell you a lot of things about keeping your hens in perfect condition. And I want to tell you all about my secret of more eggs, which has taken the poultry world by storm—the secret which 10,000 people wrote for in a single month.

I AM THE POULTRY WOMAN! IF MY SECRET DOES NOT MAKE YOUR HENS LAY TWO TO FIVE TIMES MORE WINTER EGGS IT WON'T COST YOU A SINGLE PENNY

My name is Bessie Carswell. My business has been raising poultry and selling eggs. I used to loaf around my poultry place every winter because my hens went on a strike. After a few years of this I decided to find out what makes hens lay and what keeps them from laying. After months of study I discovered that nothing makes a hen lay so well as perfect condition. I came to the conclusion that if I wanted more eggs, I must help my hens "keep fit."

I had learned a great deal about the hen's anatomy. I knew that just as some people need sulphur and molasses in the Spring, so my hens might need a tonic after the moulting season. I carefully prepared a tonic after my own ideas, based upon what I knew about hens. It worked like magic. My birds picked up right away. Their combs reddened—their appetites sharpened—and the eggs began to come. I used to get about 50 eggs a day, then it jumped to 175 eggs a day, then to over 200. My day's record was 282 eggs in one day.

MY FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

I gave some of the tonic to a few friends and the same thing happened. Finally one friend said to me, "Bessie, why don't you advertise—you ought to tell people everywhere about your tonic." I wrote my first "ad." on a piece of wrapping paper and sent it in to a publisher. Pretty soon I was flooded with orders for my tonic, and shortly after that I got letters from all over the country telling me about the phenomenal results my tonic had brought.

Mrs. Laura Williams, Buda, Texas, said that during January and February she got 250 eggs from 50 hens, and the first week in March she got 130 eggs from 50 hens. Marion Sonders, Longton, Kansas, wrote that her hens had not laid all winter, but in two weeks after she started to use my tonic she began getting from 30 to 40 eggs a day from 70 hens. I could go on and show you hundreds and hundreds of letters to prove the wonderful results produced by my great secret. But I have better proof than that.

FREE

My Amazing Book

Now I want *you* to try my great secret of more winter eggs. And I am going to make you a special introductory offer if you act at once. I am going to send you a copy of my famous book, "Making the Most Money Out of Hens and Eggs," ABSOLUTELY FREE! This is the book that people say brings big profits right where losses were before. It shows how to plug up the leaks, how to take the risk out of poultry raising, how to avoid little mistakes that may be robbing you of some of your good money and profits. Some of the chapter titles are given here. They help show you why many folks wouldn't part with this book for big money. And now this amazing book can easily be yours—FREE! Mail the coupon *now*—and I will pack a copy right with your shipment of my Rockledge Egg Tonic.

Amazing Results!

WESTPORT, MASS., Oct. 21, 1920.

BESSIE B. CARSWELL,

Dear Bessie:—If you knew how my hens have shelled out the eggs since I began using the box (Jumbo size) of Rockledge Egg Tonic which I bought of you late last fall you would know why I feel like addressing you thus.

From 175 hens the week before last Thanksgiving until the first of last September, about nine and one-half months, they laid $1,152.00 worth of eggs sold at market prices.

For this winter I have 175 pullets and 85 year-old hens, and I shall be sure not to get out of your Rockledge Egg Tonic.

I will gladly recommend it, as I have proved what it will do.

PELEG J. COLLINS, Box 30.

ESTERVILLE, IOWA, Jan. 8, 1919.

I think your Poultry Tonic is fine and I am getting twice the amount of eggs this winter and with no more work than before and I also have had no sick chickens as before. I hope to remain one of your customers. Yours truly,

MRS. L. E. SARGENT.

MILFORD, TEXAS, Jan. 28, 1919.

I have only used one package of Rockledge Poultry Tonic but I am well pleased with it and I was only getting from one to four eggs a day and now I am getting from fifteen to twenty.

MRS. J. B. LIPTON.

NEW BOSTON, N. H., April 14, 1919.

Your Egg Producer is certainly great stuff. Have had one package and at the time I received it I was getting only one egg a day from about 30 hens and soon after I began to give them the Tonic they began to lay and now I get 21 eggs.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH B. LEACH.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

I want you to prove in your own way—in your own poultry yard—that you can get twice, three times, even four or five times as many eggs as you are now getting. I want you to see for yourself how the ingredients of my tonic stimulate the egg-producing organs. How they enrich the blood. How they free the intestines from disease germs. How they keep the hens in a healthy, happy, laying condition all through the Winter. That's why I make you this wonderful offer.

SEND NO MONEY

Use my tonic for a month. Then, if it is not satisfactory—if you do not get more eggs—if your hens do not look better—if you are not completely and entirely satisfied, return what is left of the tonic and you will not be out one penny. Three big banks guarantee that you will get your money back if you just ask for it. Just now I am making an extra special offer if you act at once. In addition to my great Book I will send you an extra package of my Egg Tonic absolutely **free.** This is the most generous offer I could possibly make and I am sure you will hasten to take advantage of it.

Send no money now—just the coupon or a post card or letter will do. This is the time to start putting your hens in supreme laying condition. Write me today.

Bessie B. Carswell
The Poultry Woman
10112 Carswell Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

BESSIE B. CARSWELL
The Poultry Woman
10112 Carswell Building, Kansas City, Mo.

☐ Please send me two $1.00 boxes of your famous Rockledge Egg Tonic. I will pay the Postman $1 upon arrival, the price of one package, and I will keep the other absolutely FREE.

☐ Please send me six $1.00 boxes of your famous Rockledge Egg Tonic, for which I will pay the Postman $3 on arrival, the price of 3 boxes. The other 3 boxes I keep FREE.

If I am not satisfied after 30 days' trial, my money will be promptly refunded.

On this Special Offer I am to receive, FREE, your valuable book, "Making the Most Money Out of Hens and Eggs!"

Name .....

Address..... State.....

R. F. D.....P. O. Box.....